THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

77th Year

24 NOVEMBER 1978

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 1 DECEMBER 1978 • No 4,000 • 25p

"Jeanne Manguin", a portrait in brush and ink by Matisse, 1906. She was the wife of one of the painter's Fauve colleagues; and the portrait reflects his own interest in a fauviste "mixed-technique style of lines, spots and summary shading", according to John Elderfield's Matisse in the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art (232pp. New York: Museum of Modern Art, $25; paperback, $12.50), a finely illustrated book which comprises full discussion and a catalogue of the museum's rich Matisse holdings—" including remainder-interest and promised gifts".

Approaches to Empson

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The sustenance of reason

By Roger Sale

PHILIP and AVERIL GARDNER :
The God Approached
A Commentary on the Poems of William Empson
225pp. Chatto and Windus. £7.50.

C. C. NORRIS :
William Empson and the Philosophy of Literary Criticism
222pp. Athlone Press. £8.95.

"And yet what is said is one of the permanent truths"; "It is the business of the critic to extract for his public what it wants; to organize, what he may indeed have created, the taste of his period"; "Leave what you die for and be safe in die." William Empson has been with us for so long, and his voice has become so familiar, that it may be hard to remember how helpfully and invigoratingly original that voice has been. At least in our century it seems as daring and as important to say there are permanent truths as to name them. Empson may be alone among our critics in requiring himself and his colleagues to bear heavy responsibilities to and for the reading public, and he has often sought to speak with sober and strengthening grace, grim truths like "Leave what you die for and be safe to die". Of all our writers of and about literature, perhaps only Kenneth Burke has done as much to establish the writer's function as one of announcing, assuring, and sustaining. One can do this convincingly only by a kind of delicate barging in on the most difficult and painful things we know.

It would not do to ask: "who knows all this?" Obviously many do, and Empson is one of those writers who, as C. S. Lewis said of Spenser, do not lose adherents once gained. I have yet to meet a man who says he *used* to like Some Versions *of* Pastoral. But, in America at least, many people feel they can ignore or even denigrate Empson without fear of opprobrium. In the labyrinthine ways of the American academy, where the silliest and most solemn pieces of trivia can be called "important" in order that the whole maze will not suddenly be found lacking in oxygen, Empson is frequently dispensed with in an aside or a footnote. A sampling of a hundred residents of the maze might find as many as ninety who had not read a word of Empson in the past five years. "Not in my field", may-be, or "I can't understand him"—making that out to be Empson's fault; or, as I was once told: "I find that I can no longer afford the time to be stimulated painlessly, or to enjoy rebelliousness for its own sweet sake." Empson, who seeks to regain for us some of the permanent truths, who wants to know what prices life exacts and what defences we must construct, is not just atheist but rebel. No wonder he murmurs.

To be sure, this Empson of the past twenty-five years, who has assailed the "stupidity of English" and the Christian God ("the wicked-est thing yet invented by the black heart of man") as though they were the same enemy, does at times seem to do nothing but murmur. He no longer believes his task is to extract for his public what it wants. In his postscript to C. C. Norris's *William Empson and the Philosophy of Literary Criticism*, Empson says that Norris calls his work of the past quarter-century "irrelevant nonsense", which is not quite true, and goes on to rehearse once again why he continues to believe he is doing important work.

He treated an essay of mine in a similar way some years ago, and his frequent letters to editors tell the same tale. It of course reminds one of Leavis's later years, which is a shame. Leavis was always inclined to ill-temper, since *his* task was to tell his audience what it, in its ignorance, did not know; his was clumsy and gracaless where Empson was courteous and at ease. Furthermore, Leavis once learnt is truly learnt, while Empson, deeper, and wiser, must be relearnt frequently. Yet at present Empson seems to insist that one cannot truly admire him without agreeing with him about the sordidity of English, which I do, and about the Christian God, which I don't. It's either that or one must restrict oneself to a specialized study, which is what, for the most part, Norris's book on the criticism and Philip and Averil Gardner's book on the poems settle for.

The Gardners' *The God Approached* is the more successful of the two. It is a poem-by-poem series of explications. No effort is made to build an argument about Empson's career as a poet or about the achievement as a whole; most of the time a poem is pronounced successful if it can be successfully explicated, and not if it cannot. Perhaps with any other poet such a timid approach to a god would be unhelpful: similar handbooks on Yeats or Eliot simply make one scream. But Empson is hard, and even his most devoted readers may well feel grateful to the Gardners for attempting to say what every line of every stanza does or does not mean. I, as I suspect is the case with many, have a dozen or so Empson poems I know and love precisely because I have initially been sufficiently struck by something about them to make me want to take the time and employ the patience required to tease them into shape.

But there are others which in effect I have always passed over because I could not make them out and because their surface beauties were not enticing. Empson himself had said in "Doctrinal Point", "The god approached dissolves into air", and I had always let, say, the last stanza of that poem dissolve for me into its virtuoso use of seven "oir" rhymes, none of which are used in the third stanza with its five "oir" rhymes.

But the Gardners commit themselves to approaching that last stanza and not letting it dissolve:

The over-all that Solomon should wear
Gives these no cope who cannot know of care.
They have no gap to spare that they should share
The rare calyx wa store at in despoir.
They have no other that they should compara.
Their arch of promise the wide Heaviside layer
They rise above a vault into the air!

There is more difficult Empson, to be sure, and this is easier because the two stanzas about magnolias at the outset offer us a clear way in. Yet I never got through that last stanza in good order before:

Man is a conscious creature, struggling to comprehend what always escapes him. His mind is both his "glory" (the "copo" worn by wise Solomon, called in Empson's note a "priest-king") and his burden; man the worker and man the scientist both wear an "over-all", as, fancifully, does Solomon in his role as temple builder (1 Kings vi). Also, by virtue of his mental powers, man is placed "over-all"; but his supremacy is dubious. His "care" is both responsibility and worry yet the "lilies of the field" whom he is in charge of neither share his "care" nor know of it: they do not wear his cape (though possessing, in their unconscious beauty, their own more splendid one) nor can he "cope with" them. The gap between man and nature (self and "other") is unbridgeable: he gazes at the "pure calyx", the outer protective cover of the magnolia blossom, in a frustrated wish to understand its perfection, but the blossoms, crowded together on their branches, can never open a gap in their ranks into which he may fit . . . their defense is not God's symbolic rainbow ("the arch of promise") but the Heaviside layer (now called the Ionosphere E-layer) which absorbs the X-rays and ultra-violet radiation that would harm them. (The "Heaviside layer protects man too, which weakens the image, but perhaps the point of the "contrast" is that man, a fallen creature, needs more protection than the sinless magnolias.)

Now of course those that didn't need the explication didn't need it, and, having taken it in, one can go on to say more than the Gardners will say. But their careful naming of parts is bound to prove helpful to most. I had never understood the lines because the first two baffled me, and Empson's note about overalls worn by Solomon seemed only a joke; now that I am over that hurdle, I can better make my way with the rest, but I might never have continued trying without The God Approached.

Useful, then, in the narrowest and most literal sense, and it seems to me needless to cavil that the Gardners attempt no more than they do. That they could do more is perhaps best indicated in the concluding remarks of their mostly factual introduction:

> Its underlying unity [Empson's poetry as a whole] comes from two factors. One is Empson's rhythm, a characteristically grave yet immensely flexible iambic pentameter which gives his utterance an air both timeless and individual; the frequent compression of these pentameters within strictly rhymed three- and four-line stanzas results in a lucunic momentousness which is utterly unlike the work of anyone else.

They then quote some of their favourite individual lines: "Glad as can grow", "It is not human to feel safely placed", and go on to discuss Empson's "pervasive pessimism". That "pervasive pessimism" may seem a little beside the point, but critics who can precisely identify the "laconic memorableness" of Empson's lines could write more, and more fully, than the self-imposed limitations of a handbook allow. In some ways the intellectual puzzle parts of Empson's poems serve best to slow us down, to make one aware of individual words whose often odd placement makes the line not once a shimmering purely and a singing phrase, and then creates the laconic mnemorableness: "Drink deep the imaged solid of the bone", "His smooth wood creeps with all the creeds of the world", "You don't want mindhouse and the whole thing there"—lines that show how true it is that the voice of beauty are not so shallow we can destroy them with a little scratching. The reason the pervasive pessimism is not the point about these poems is that it exists as a given, an atmosphere. The lines themselves always learn a style from despair, the pain that endures does not leave Empson alone.

It is good to feel thus brought back to these strange and wonderful poems. Especially for those who have always been put off by their air of impenetrability, *The God Approached* will prove an excellent guide, and offer more than a pinch of dust to this god.

If "pervasive pessimism" is not the point about Empson's poems, then "philosophy" is not the point about his criticism, and the real trouble with C. C. Norris's current book is that it seems all too willing to let Empson elude it as it pursues the "philosophy". It works almost entirely by trying to isolate Empson's position by means of contrast—with American New Critics, with Richards, with the Chicago Aristotelians, with Leavis. As Norris perfectly rightly insists, Empson has always been a rationalist in outlook, eager to make poetry less iconographic and more subject to the insistences of common sense and normative feeling, so that from the paraphrases in *Seven Types of Ambiguity* to the recent textual work on Donne, and Coleridge the effort has always been to explain, to demystify, and thereby to succour and nature, though of course these last actions are somewhat alien to someone isolating a philosophy of criticism.

Norris's statements of Empson's position are not wrong, but they do seem askew. They summarize where slow work is necessary, they blunt and even avoid what is best in Empson in their pursuit of a "case". Norris never quotes more than one sentence of Empson's at a time, he usually relies on isolated words and phrases, and he never himself looks at the literature in question.

We always seem to be working at one or two removes: His chapter on "The Garden", open-ended for all its intricate logic, typifies the sceptical and self-qualifying habit of Empson's mind. He seems constantly on the verge of defining the complex implications, verbal or generic, which might satisfy, by somehow pinning down, his sense of the poem's richness. Yet he constantly relegates this purpose, detecting behind these provisional structures a series of ironies and "placing" attitudes which prevent their treatment as an integrating function of form. Within Empson's reach, at this point, is a plausible logic of the Pastoral complex of feelings, a theory of tempting neatness and explanatory power. Such is the Aristotelian "staircase" of implications Empson suddenly discovers in the metaphysical puzzle about form and content. But Empson suddenly abandons this approach. In terms of such an abstract logic "there seems no way of putting in a judgment of value". The conceit remains effectively "the vivid statement of a puzzle", and Empson realizes "to practice it is more".

What would satisfy Norris is a "definition" of "The Garden's" richness and/or of the "plausible logic of the Pastoral". Anything but is evidence of Empson's "sceptical and self-qualifying habit" of mind.

That Empson is not always sceptical and self-qualifying is clear enough from the previous chapter in *Pastoral*, on Shakespeare's 94th sonnet. There he rises to astonishing lyric heights that also reveal, should the first two chapters of the book have failed to do so, a "plausible logic of the Pastoral complex of feelings", except that perhaps the logic is not very philosophical. What seems unique to Norris is that Empson is self-qualifying and sceptical with "The Garden" because the poem possesses these qualities. Marvell was supremely intelligent and alive a generation later than the crisis which produced, among many things, the 94th sonnet.

To be able to reconcile "conscious and unconscious states, intuitive and intellectual modes of apprehension" in a poem of the 1640s—in *The Faerie Queene* they would not have been felt in such a way as to need reconciling—is to commit oneself to a poem where "that distinction is never made, perhaps could not have been made". As we say, there is "no garden there", so there can be no more than the vivid statement of a puzzle.

Read in isolation, "Marvell's Garden" is elusive and disappointing, because it is only in the context of the book that it reveals itself as Empson's need to be responsive to Marvell's moment in history. The apparently odd excursions early in the chapter to Smart and Coleridge concerning "nature when terrible" are there to show that theirs was not Marvell's time and so not his concern. The turning into Marvell's other uses of the word "green" show the subject is "nature when conceived to control the world of man". Yet the resultant peace or serenity in "The Garden" is, and must be, only "wit", since, in a stilling piece of wisdom that is precisely the sort of thing Norris will not quote: "'Unemployment' is too painful and normal even in the fullest life for such a theme to be trivial."

It is one thing to say that Empson is rational, interested in recreating poetic statements in prose; it is more telling and more important to ask what this reveals for Empson; what sense of history, what statements of wisdom, result. His towering rages against the sordidity of Big Lit have seemed not only embarrassing but irrelevant to many because they will not admit what Empson insists on, namely that behind every "critical position" is not just some slot in a line-up of theoretical positions but an attitude towards life. To be a rationalist is not to put on a hat but to want to know what the permanent truths are, and how they have been most telling said: "The personalized Nature is treated both as external to man and as created by an instinct of the mind, and by tricks of language these are made to seem the same."

This not only states "positions" found in different ways in "The Garden", "The Extasie", and *As You Like It* but allows Empson to go on to say, rationally, normatively, and wisely: "A hint of the supreme condition is thus found in the actual one (this makes the actual one include everything in itself), but this apparently exalted claim is essentially joined to humility; it is effective only through the admission that it is only a hint." Thus the staircase which Norris rather pettishly rebukes Empson for not climbing is not climbed because it cannot be; the claim that one understands nature is a claim reached only through humility, and so must be left as a hint. Aristotle may have other staircases. The fault of the later "Wordsworthian method", as Empson goes on to say, is that it does not make its claims through humility. This is not all the wisdom there is, but it is the wisdom one can derive from study of Marvell, and it is much. There may be no satisfaction in Empson's procedure for the philosophers, but this, we might say, Empson refutes them.

To make such an allusion to Dr Johnson is, I hope, to hint at how far wide of the mark Norris is even when he is making true statements, as he does much of the time. Empson is no more a philosopher of criticism than Johnson was, no more a theoretician, a toker of positions, either. There are, though, five twentieth-century readers of Hume and one of Berkeley for every hundred of Johnson, and rightly so, and for reasons Empson himself has stated in *The Structure of Complex Words*. It is a pity Empson will never enjoy Johnson's status, because he is the closest figure there is to Johnson in this century, a person of quirks and jokes, a writer of deep staying sustenance. Since this is not the eighteenth century, since Empson has always been aware if there was an audience out there that could hear him rightly, he let himself accentuate the quirks, the jokes, and the antagonisms at the expense of his grand broad assertions. It is hard to know, thus, how to honour him, but I don't think Norris's book is a very salutary way.

The man behind the masks

By Ian Fletcher

KARL BECKSON :
Henry Harland
His Life and Work
173pp. The Eighteen Nineties Society, 28 Carlingford Road, London, NW3. £6.25.

Karl Beckson's biography of Henry Harland, the latest in the Making of the Nineties series, is both detailed and readable. Aside from a devout essay by his widow, little has been written on Harland, literary editor of the *Yellow Book* and author of successfully flimsy and languorous romances in those years immediately preceding his death at the age of forty-four in 1905.

His career had begun with a brief plunge into the Divinity School of Harvard, followed by desk work in the Surrogate Office of New York, travel in Europe and, after 1889, settlement in London. Clerking by day, seven hours on the bed, rising at two and novelizing till seven was a routine which hardly contributed to Harland's general health. Like many 1890s figures, he published under a pseudonym—Sidney Luska; his stories of immigrant Jewish life in New York City fooled the critics into the belief that their author was himself a Jew. The unmasking of Sidney meant a drop in sales, and after the move to London Harland published under his own name, though for a while Sidney lurked on the title-pages in brackets.

The best of the Jewish stories, "The Yoke of the Thorah", generated some mild energy from the inter-marriage question, but was so clearly long on explanatory generalia and unmotivated periodicals short on realization and, for all Harland's adoration of Henry James, distinctly short on "point of view". Harland's fiction, in fact, was always in danger of being a mere plot-machine, and his best work was done when he was able to lean on a ready-made structure, as in his Italian novel *The Cardinal's Snuff Box* or his Cracow novel *My Friend Prospero*, or when he was able to write out of his own Roman Catholic and Francophile life, as in his best-selling *Grand Cordon*. Sentimentalism had succeeded sensationalism and the shift from novel to short story nourished a precarious talent.

As editor, Harland stands in somewhat bolder relief, if still dimmed by Beardsley and the publisher John Lane. Lane was probably responsible for the monotony of the later issues, full of the same short stories under different titles by bespectacled crusading ladies which were later to be published in volume form by the entrepreneur of the Bodley Head: among other things the *Yellow Book* was a house journal. Harland, as Professor Beckson convincingly claims, had some considerable journalistic adroitness and used it to balance "advanced" and "traditional", while steering himself to publish his own work in quantity. This area of Harland's operations is better known than others and it is odd that in so richly minute an account as this no mention is made of the Ella D'Arcy letters to Lane now at the William Andrews Clark Library or of the Martyr Worthy collection. Miss D'Arcy was the most talented of Lane's ladies and sub-editor of his periodical, Hardletters and the "Yellow Book Celebrities" give something of a blow-by-blow account of the tensions and camaraderie among the editorial team.

The years after the Oscar Wilde spring saw the collapse of the *Yellow Book* in 1897 were Harland's most secured. His first popular success *The Cardinal's Snuff Box* appeared in 1900 and found the upmarket middle classes all too well prepared. To sentimentalism was added fantasy, a charming, tenuous never never world: Italian rather than French, principalities rather than artiste. The fantasy so absorbed Harland, Harland became tuberculur, Roman Catholic and a francophile of the most boring order. Increasingly coquettish, the prose of the London years turned into an impasse of nostalgic allusion to *brasserie-aux-femmes* or *trottoire* on the Boul' Mich, the *va-et-vient*, as one might say, of the Quartier Latin. Sentimentalism had succeeded sensationalism and the shift from novel to short story nourished a precarious talent.

Harland's fiction revealed a potential that seemed to be halted midway through his career." Professor Beckson is surely correct, though the claim for the novelty of Harland's "technique of recovering lost experience through the device of involuntary memory" is doubtful, for Wordsworth, Ruskin and Pater had tried it somewhat earlier. Professor Beckson is too sober a scholar to claim much for Harland, but seems to remain a little hesitant as to what he should claim. Harland like so many of his contemporaries remains an elided figure, who survives maybe dimly to his own works but more vividly (and unfairly) in Rolfe's Nicholas *Crabbe*, where as "Sidney Thorah" he is presented, as Miriam Benkovitz puts it, in her *Frederick Rolfe*, in all "his feverish restlessness, his facetious moderality, and his plain vulgarity when he had too much to drink". But as Professor Benkovitz recognizes, the real Harland was full of personal charm, which only palely glimmers in the novels and short stories. The potential was perhaps a potential for donning masks.

The last of Harland's faceless masks was that of the British aristocrat, and after his death his wife took to describing herself, with the usual transatlantic confusion about titles, sometimes as Lady Aileen, and sometimes as Lady Henry Harland. To that extent Harland's fictions had their own suspect power: Professor Beckson has perspicuously recorded the life, such as it is, behind the masks.

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For progressive purposes

By J. R. Vincent

JAMES L. HENDERSON :
Irregularly Bold
A Study of Bedales School
154pp. André Deutsch. £5.95.

"Bedales? Oh yes! That's where they drink cocoa and eat brown bread as if it were the Eucharist." Public attitudes to Bedales have always taken its never very emphatic claims to novelty far too seriously. In *Irregularly Bold* James Henderson, a master at Bedales from 1934 to 1940, and later a governor, puts the case for and against the school with becoming brevity, using personal knowledge and recollections supplied by ex-pupils so as to give a wide range of views. Despite an occasionally romantic tone—how does one write about happy adolescence?—his book is a sound mixture of institutional history and cultural analysis.

The story opens with J. H. Badley, perhaps the last of the great Victorian headmasters, beginning a school in 1893 because he "simply knew that the traditional public school wouldn't do". Ethical Christianity, the simple life, social meliorism, Shelley, William Morris, and Edward Carpenter all come into his notions, which were part of an international tide (the later Tolstoy is part of the phenomenon). Loves Dickinson was a sponsor, and the first inspector of the school's work, making some very Boysun-ish noises about weak spelling.

There is a general agreement both that Badley was remarkable, and also that he was exceptionally withdrawn. Who cannot now be readily grasped is how he turned his own experience of the unrest of the 1880s, expressed in his late Victorian ethical spirituality, into a self-consciously progressive youth culture. Even the many who worked or were taught by him record rather than explain his influence, and no doubt this is always the case with the founder of an institution.

Badley retired, aged seventy, in 1934, quoting Socrates' words: "I go to die, and you go to live, but which of us goes to the better thing is known only to God." He then lived to 102. The story of his successors, and of the various Mr Chipses who are nostalgically recalled, is interesting only if one knew the people involved; after Badley, it was the pupils, as elsewhere, who kept the school mystique afloat. The only institutional change of recent times was not an initiative but a response to outside pressures: an enlargement of numbers in the 1960s to produce a large sixth form and streaming in the lower school. After a fairly early date (say the 1920s?), the central purpose of Bedales became the preservation of its own tradition.

This was not necessarily a bad thing, though Dr Henderson has collected some fairly sharp protests from alumni against the repressive tolerance in which they were subjected. Maurice Punch, in his study of Darlington, wrote of indulgence in "symbolic progressive rituals that stress social distance from the conventional middle class". Some comments echo this. A former head boy is moved to write, "Bedales today has nothing to offer our sick society". "Too enough money boxes", writes another, "and you can make a social island." "Originally radicals within a ruling class, we remained trapped within that class", adds a third angry voice. These critics from the left rather answer themselves. No one—not even a high Tory brigadier who pops up—hints at a preference for Eatles or Sedbergh. Not one voice criticizes the lush ruralism implicit in the school's very setting. The tone of puritanical *Wolverhesserting* in these reproaches is hardly a reaction against William Morris, but a demand for the universal realization of his late Victorian ideas.

The official culture of the school—that endorsed and transmitted by the pupils—seems to have been remarkably constant over four generations, despite almost complete educational normality in daily practice, and to have resulted in an unquestioning opposition mentality towards the outside world, unaccompanied by anything much in the way of political commitment. Dr Henderson does not suggest that the school was politically left-wing, for all its belief in its own progressive propaganda. But there was one inter addition to what would have otherwise been the dry propriety of sanitized nonconformity—the Jews, with their special command of the progressivism of the 1930s:

> Very important was the tone set by the sophisticated London Jews—how knowledgeable they seemed to the provincial Gentils. They created a spirit of cultural emulation which came from below, not from the staff—Glyndebourne was the name to conjure with, not Arsenal. The prestige of art, of music, and of asceticism in life and work can hardly be overemphasized as values among the pupils. The original cult or myth of the school as it was in 1900 kept perpetually reviving.

The *numerus clausus* operated against Jews "in their own interests" by the senior London schools was not unhelpful in a school which had access to no real pool of talent, and which was simply too small to play at making educational history. There is general agreement that "we tended to consider ourselves rather special people, and of course we were not". The school, with only 4,000 pupils all told from 1893 to the present, and not much more than 200 at a time until the 1960s, was always exceptionally small by contemporary boarding-school standards. One ex-pupil not surprisingly argues that the school is only interesting as a tiny specimen of a particular sub-culture, on a par with the arts and crafts movement or the Fabian summer school.

This is probably unfair. Dr Henderson cites various individuals in key positions in state education who thought they were extending the influence of Bedales. He also thinks that the very fact of its existence had a direct if mystic effect on what the state sector was trying to do, even where personal contact was not involved. Who can tell? It may in the end prove to have had most effect on the public schools, which have been desperately trying to catch up with the more obvious sides of Bedales. What certainly matters least is the handful of "progressive" boarding schools themselves, completely overshadowed by the true horror of the campus universities.

Bedales has succeeded with brilliance in the cultivation of the aesthetic element in education. It never felt much love for the intellectual side of life, for scholarship, or for easy play with ideas. In specifically pedagogical experiments, it never showed much interest. If there are advantages in living in a very small rural community, it certainly had them. In sexual mores, it merely reflected the climate of outside opinion in successive decades, with no deliberate challenge to orthodoxy intended even in the beginning. At the heart of its ideology was opposition to the division of labour, not co-education. Like other Victorian schools, it was intended by Badley for those who were to be leaders in after life. The notion on which the school was based, that "the traditional public school wouldn't do", was good as negations go. The positive doctrine was scanty, religious, isolating, and politically naive. And yet, my own recollections of a history Sixth of three pupils taught by a rabidly anti-liberal Catholic of some genius (original sin, the nature of the Trinity, and the greatness of Newman seemed to be the main features of the A-level syllabus) tell me that I was the fortunate recipient of some of the least "progressive" education then available anywhere in England. All in all, Dr Henderson's readable book persuades us that even if Bedales was not virtue embodied, it still embodied many virtues.

Dolly of the Chop House: a plain lady who made a fortune in the 1920s by shrewdly employing only "big-busted pretty waitresses" in her chain of London coffee houses and chop houses: from Old Cook Books, an illustrated history by Eric Quayle (256pp. Studio Vista, £8.95), which surveys all aspects of food here from The Boke of Cokery (1500), the first cookery book to be printed in England, up to Mrs Beeton.

The learner's lexicon

By Eric Korn

PAUL PROCTER (Editor) :
Longman Dictionary of Contemporary English
1,342pp. Longman. £4.75.

This innovative, intelligent and enjoyable dictionary will not serve for reading *Finnegans Wake* or Burns or *Recent Advances in Particle Physics* (*no fardol, sleekit or meson*); scrabblers and crossword-puzzlers will find it uncooperative—you will look in vain for *mizzuth* or *microbiozzo* or the several distinct meanings of *mort*. No panel game could be based on it, for its 50,000 entries contain little that you could not hear any day in reasonably loose-mouthed company. It is aimed precisely at learners of English: more precisely—since we are all learners—at those to whom standard British or American speech is not the mother tongue. The native young may find it only marginally useful, the curious of all ages will find much to surprise and entertain them, especially in the matter of Anglo-American divergence, where it is particularly thorough and well-informed. (Did you know that in North America "motorbike" is restricted to small bikes?).

The *Longman Dictionary of Contemporary English*'s primary audience will find much to be grateful for. For one thing, all definitions (with the assistance of a properly subservient computer) are couched in a "core vocabulary" of 2,000 words, so avoiding the provoking explanation of the obscure by the obscurer. Some of the definitions in consequence come out a little flat, even with the assistance of cross-reference words: "torboosh: a hat without a part sticking out all round (usually worn by some Muslim men)"; "*horror film* n film of a popular type in which fearful things happen which could not happen in reality, such as dead people coming to life, people turning into animals, and men and women sucking one another's blood".

But the definition is only one of the ways in which a word is given substance and shading. In addition there is the pronunciation, the label, the grammatical formula, the common phrases, the examples, and notes on usage and spelling variants. Each of these merits approving comment. The pronunciation is given in a much nearer transcription than is usual in elementary dictionaries. The unfamiliar symbols may briefly cause dismay, but, thus everyone should learn the phonetic alphabet—above all foreigners, who make such peculiar noises. With such a delicate instrument, the *Longman* can distinguish French, British and American vocalizations of "chartreuse", but it still takes a special note to explain the spoken and written usage of "whew" and "phew". British RP and a note of the more common forms of American pronunciation" are given throughout, and stress shift is indicated.

While most dictionaries indicate words that are *colloq* or *slang*, *Longman* usefully goes further with its ranks of *pomp, fml, not fml, infml*, and *taboo*. The last category includes all the obvious words, which are fully and unflinchingly expounded, including the significant Anglo-American divergence over "fanny", which could cause lethal misunderstandings (compare "pavement" which US road signs invite one to drive on). In addition the various racist jibes are *taboo*, as, more surprisingly, is "junior school" (but not "junior"). Some fine distinctions are made: "wop", and "old" are *taboo derog*, "nigger" is *taboo* at and "chink" *taboo derog* at. Not tabooed are "nick" and "spade" (*derog*), "honky" (*derog used esp by black people*), "frog" (*infml, usu derog*), and "pommy" (*sl often derog*); "paddy", however, is "*infml and usu humor*". Pokes, punks and nips are left out. Other categories include *Scot*, *SAfrE* and the odd-looking *NEngE*; *CnoE* is perhaps under-represented, for (though we have "mind-off" "bully-off" and "stand off half"), we are not given "face off" nor the pink usage of "icing"; nor yet "sugar off" though we do have "bugger off" (*"BrE taboo sl* used especially in giving or reporting orders"). *NZE* may protest the absence of "pakeha" and "pavlova".

Every word in the dictionary is further characterized by a code symbol that identifies the part of speech, and also encapsulates information about its role in the sentence and its inflexion. This demands some study of the preface, but provides far more grammar than traditional dictionaries have done. Thus the indications "Wv5 (with) T1 neu.pass." and "10" advise the anger student that he can say "I am pissed off with your weather", but not "I am buggered off with your weather" or "Your policeman piss me off", but not "Your policeman buggar me off".

The 69,000 example sentences range stylistically from "Have I earned your commendation?" to "Good boys don't sauce their mothers!", and morally from "My daughter is engaged (to a nice young doctor)" to "Just thinking about her gave him an erection". Between these extremes a distinct parlance emerges, literate but not literary. Modern lexicographers are a tolerant lot, and "non-standard" is their severest rebuke, reserved for such solecisms as "nohow" "like" (as a recurrent interjection) and "un-" "He's a bad un (= a wicked immoral person)". But value judgments are made, or at least recorded, in the frequent notes on usage: "media . . . now beginning to be used with a sing verb but many people still think this is bad English"; "It is considered incorrect, by many teachers and writers of *BrE*, to use (hopefully) meaning 'If our hopes succeed'". Other notes lucidly distinguish coffee house, coffee bar, and coffee shop; customer, client, patient, and guest; erotic, amorous, lecherous ("rather derog and usually used of men"), and sexy ("may mean 'making other people think of sex'"). At a less subtle level, the compilers have remembered to explain that "thank you" means "yes, thank you", thus saving endless Continental confusion.

There's a pleasure to picking holes, over tiny *shes*, in such a seamless fabric. Surely "straight" and narrow" is still *non-standard*? If "saving" means "a large change . . . in public opinion", what happens in marginal sets that need a small swing? And "cheese" is most American cities, is not "a special building or place for the performance of plays". But it seems churlish to quibble with a work so successfully distinguishes "inning" and "innings", gives United States and British accentuations of "matinée" and notes that the difference between "raving mad" and "hopping mad". And all this for a derisory five bob under a fiver (It's sound on pra ond pos-edicial currency terminology, though it doesn't even give out-house room to the disgusting but prevalent "get pence"), and all those 69,000 ideas of genuinely colloquial life thrown in: "My wife is in jail for a foreign prison, and it is cold comfort to know that the foreign government may fall in a few years' time", "Do you have a taboo in your sex before marriage taboo in your country?"; "Mother will roar when she hears what happened to her son, socko". Broken English, the world's lingua franca, may have recovered.

The sufferings of young Hitler

By Diane Johnson

BERYL BAINBRIDGE :
Young Adolf
112pp. Duckworth. £3.95.

Beryl Bainbridge's novels are published in the United States but not much known there, which is something to be regretted. Like a family of gifted eccentrics, they are diverse, yet there are strong similarities, as there always must be in the work of an original and accomplished writer—perhaps it is the essence of accomplishment. In any case, Bainbridge's novels seem unlike those of other people, unless perhaps they resemble, in their economy and formal elegance, the novels of Henry Green. They are her own; the plots each with its lacking catastrophe are similar, the characters, such so memorable in his way, are similar too. Four simple distinctions are preserved: they are divided into males and females, and into a type that is large, fleshy and pale—those are the people with power and energy—and other, often more sympathetic people who are small, thin, odd and astounded, like Binny in *Injury Time* or like young Adolf. As in life, things divide men from women. They do not look at the world the same way. The men are implicated in conventions, adhere to little rituals to preserve self-respect or comfort. Their lustful impulses are often checked by bourgeois compunctions. The women, more passive, are oddly free, social reforms just go on over their heads. They hung to pass for normal but never to be normal, for they consider that they are normal. All of Bainbridge's books have a way of being about the assumptions of society about sexuality and people trying to fit in and have what they want too.

For an American reader discovering Beryl Bainbridge, only one complaint mars universal admiration: the complaint concerns the passivity of the characters towards their environment and their fate. Masters of expedience, resilient despite their resignation, practised at making do, at sly deceptions on the givens of their situations, they are capable of *tour de force* contrivance for the sake of comfort, respectability or survival. In *The Bottle Factory Outing* middle-class Brenda, finding she must sleep in a double bed with big, naked energetic Freda, fashions a bolster and a row of books between them. Unwilling to lend it Binny throws the vacuum cleaner out of the window. Perhaps Americans are surprised that the characters do not exert themselves more mightily than this against outrages of poverty and inconvenience; although exigency is certainly a fact of American life, it has little place in American fiction. We can represent ethnic, but not class, differences because we have pretended class differences don't exist. Except for some Depression literature about cutting out shoe soles from cereal boxes, our stories are all about escape and change. In an American story, if you start out poor, you are bound to end up rich and/or disillusioned.

Bainbridge's creatures are not disillusioned. Their illusions are so trivial that circumstances do not conspire to deprive them. On the big subjects—who they are and what will happen to them—they have no illusions at all. They never escape. "I know it would be me", says Binny as the desperadoes carry her off. Bainbridge is wonderful on sex, for each character sex seems to have located the exact conjunction of desire and social prudence that controls his sexual behaviour. She knows the point at which people will say to hell with it, in any crisis. Her characters don't have illusions, they have bruises—always bruises and sometimes lacerations. In *Young Adolf* the brother Alois bruises his wife Bridget because she is slow, doesn't notice things. Not catching on is how you get bruised. Freda's bruised, or poses to be packed off in a bag. Adolf combs his hair over one eye to hide a cut.

Novelists, like after dinner speakers, are often haunted by a theme that they are repeating themselves; that they have failed to put it a new disguise the same small figure that recurs in their imaginations. Have I told that one before? Young Adolf gathers up with astonishing success some of these figures from Bainbridge's other books. An attentive reader might have seen him coming, might have glimpsed his face elsewhere, sensed his attraction for the novelist who had yet to unravel his place in her imaginary scheme. The girl Rita in *The Dressmaker* might speak for Bainbridge herself as she "stood in the doorway of the philately shop, sheltered from the rain, absorbed in a page of German stamps imprinted with Hitler's head. But for him, she thought, she would never have met Ira, never been happy. Uncle Jack said he was a maniac, a monster of the world. She thought he looked rather neat and gentlemanly with his smart black tie and his hair slicked down over one eye." In *A Quiet Life*, the girl Madge says she was chosen by a German prisoner: "He looked like Adolf Hitler. . . . He had a little moustache . . . . He chased me . . . . he didn't catch me."

In this new book, set in 1912, Young Adolf, aged twenty-three, comes to Liverpool to visit his half-brother Alois, and Alois's Irish wife, Bridget. Alois works as a waiter and razor-blade salesman. They live in the house of Mr Meyer, who works as a violinist at the local Palace. They are all poor. Adolf is an inconvenience for the others, he is difficult, depressed, like days at a time on a sofa, is reluctant to work, has not found himself. Things happen. Little by little, young Adolf acquires, if not the attitudes, at least the style that will later characterize him; he is given a brown shirt to wear, plane to grow a moustache, combs his hair over his eye. When a woman tells his fortune, and he draws a card that stands for Alexander the Great, he as well as everyone else imagines the fortune-teller is making fun of him. He steals a library book. He tells lies. To get him started on the subject of racial purity. Yet there is something likable about his continued hope for his own small life in the face of a world which despises him, there is something dignified in his self-regard, something commonplace enough in his powerlessness and capacity for self-deception.

In England, catastrophe attends him, he is confused, wretched, isolated, absurd. In the end they buy his ticket back. Alois suggests he goes to Linz, Mr Meyer suggests Munich because "he had some contacts in the city that could prove useful to Adolf—certain political organizations, certain persons of note and influence." Adolf goes away resolving that never "under torture or interrogation" will he mention that he has been "to this occursed city, visited this lunatic island".

"It is a pity he will never amount to anything", Meyer remarks as they put Adolf on the train. The irony here is obvious, as obvious as in Adolf's last words to them: "You will get what is coming to you", or "get what is owed you"—they cannot agree on the meaning. Mr Meyer is right about the character in the book, and right in moral terms: it is history which provides the irony, on account of events beyond, after, outside the work of fiction.

History is a queer disruptor of fiction. People always seem to enjoy a dash of verisimilitude, the real name of a real newspaper or town, or a reference to a street they know. But the introduction and distortion of true events are often greeted with wild, rather mysterious approval: for instance, that which has greeted (in America at least) the novels of Doctorow, with their "real" characters, Houdini, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, and so on. Perhaps historical characters are preferred to real ones because they make the reader himself feel less frivolous. Soon you will read the seven volumes of the history of the Second World War; meantime here's this interesting book about Hitler's early life. I wonder how much of it, the reader asks himself, is true.

But you could argue that fictions fitted into gaps between historical events take a larger liberty with truth than fictions which are made up from the sense of reality only (no real names) or than does a certain kind of historical novel, set very far in the past with people wearing low-cut dresses performing acts known to have occurred. These last are often disapproved of unless the author has got the background up to a satisfactory scholarly level and uses it to present an intriguing interpretation of history, as Graves does or Josephine Tey in her famous book about how Richard III was not so bad. But *Young Adolf* is not a historical novel in this usual sense—that is, a dramatization of known events—it is an invention of another kind, a feat of imagination and craft, without definition.

Whatever the real facts of Hitler's life we believe this account in part because of its manner, detailed and confident, and because it does not insist too stridently in foreshadowing the later reality. Adolf, depressed, hungry, pitiful, driven to expedients, is very like a character in a book by Beryl Bainbridge. That the shirt, the moustache, the uniform, the hair-style he will later wear, are all acquired during his five-month stay in Liverpool says something, doubtless, about the large consequences of small accidents; and that is characteristic Bainbridge, too. But mostly, when we get a glimpse of the future, the moment veers off into comedy, as when Adolf delivers an excited monologue on a youthful epiphany:

> "That night I struggled free from the dusty membrane of both grub and caterpillar and emerged finally, on airborne creature soaring in iridescent wings above the earth."

For several seconds Adolf remained standing, arm raised in that salute to the heavens. Then abruptly he sat down. Misjudging the position of his chair he fell to the floor and disappeared under the table.

The novel's time is told so absorbingly, and with such authority, that we lose our power to hold the future in mind. This is the method of all of Bainbridge's novels, each moment rendered vividly in the mind of one character or another, presented to the reader through his thoughts or his vision. Adolf, watching his brother, "found it difficult to keep a straight face at the sight of his stout brother comparatively naked, garbed in a frayed nightshirt, his plump neck still bearing the imprint of his collar stud as he lolled favorishly among the rumpled pillows, or, desperate for a smoke, scrabbled in the wardrobe for the butt of a forgotten cigar, coughing as he bent over his pot belly, his shirt rising up above his muscular milk white legs".

We are given Adolf's view of Alois here. But often the interpretative consciousness, in this and in others of Bainbridge's novels, misinterprets, misunderstands what it sees, or sees too little. Human limitation is the basic assumption of this novelistic method. Because all consciousness is limited, a number of minds are needed from whom only the reader gathers all. It is because the characters never grasp the entire picture that the gothic and grotesque touches in the earlier books, and the historical game here, have, none the less, such an authoritative manner of truth. No moment of realization contradicts the sheer muddle. Each thought seems reasonable in its context to its owner. "It sounds reasonable", thinks Brenda, hearing Rosa describe the murder of Freda in *The Bottle Factory Outing*.

A mosaic of personal interpretation reveals the disadvantage humans live under. It also makes Bainbridge's novels very funny. And her way of shifting from mind to mind enables her to escape what would otherwise be the great danger of her method, the danger of slipping into caricature or ridicule. No matter how ridiculous or stereotyped—an old maid, a gesticulating Italian—the immediacy and clarity of each person's perceptions reminds that he is unique, not to be sneezed at, things have happened to him. "'I was good with the needle', recollected Mary O'Leary. . . . 'You told me', said Bridget; and she tried not to look at the destroyed ribbons swinging from the remains of Mary O'Leary's bonnet." When the characters seem comic to the reader, it is because they seem comic to each other, not to the author, who is virtually invisible in all her work, except for the occasional stage direction. By being only partially perceived, the horror which underlies and threatens in all her narratives seems more daily horror. The characters have no overview. Marge in *The Dressmaker* giggles at the trouble they have putting the murdered Ira into a bag.

The eventual horror in *Young Adolf* when it is understood cannot be dismissed or forgiven; but none of the characters can foresee it, and we, confined to their minds, can almost forget it. If we refer in our minds to events outside the novel, we perceive Bainbridge's suggestion, no doubt not entirely mischievous, that when the real horror comes, it will have had its origin in the England of 1912. Authorities come in the night to take away some children from poor people living in squalor:

> In every doorway along the length of the street stood men and women, perfectly silent watching the children go. "I don't understand", said Adolf, "there were hundreds of you and not a dozen of them. They didn't even use the police."
>
> "Let the minority act with enough authority", cried Meyer bitterly, "and the majority will walk like lambs to the slaughter."

It is a lesson young Adolf will remember.

Bainbridge is never doctrinaire, seldom so explicit; yet political implications develop logically from her recurring interest in the relation of ordinary people to authority. The characters in her novels are always testing it out. They are usually victims, even if only of the tyranny of social conventions, or the tyrannical fear of not being respectable or the tyranny of near-relations over one another, like that of the Dressmaker over her family; and she is fascinated by the complicity of authority and its victims, with the way the victims cooperate, as when Binny, being raped by the intruder, asks whether he doesn't want to touch her breasts.

Bainbridge seems fascinated, also, with the conspiracies among powerless people to defeat authority; the fashions at the bottle factory, or, in this novel, when they conspire to save the children or to get Adolf a job. Alois gets him an interview, and, because he has no shirt, they make him look respectable with "a gray cloth embroidered on the edges with bunches of cherries, which in some fashion he had stuffed into the revers of his black coat". Thus pitiably got up, wet with rain, Adolf walks outside the hotel. "Several times he started to climb the steps towards the Commissionaire who guarded the entrance to this building, and on each occasion his lost courage halfway up and turned back. He couldn't risk a rebuff." Thus we are made to sympathize and pity the monster of the world. It is a complicated exercise in social sympathy that Bainbridge demands of us, and is her most ambitious treatment yet of the serious conviction that underlies her comedy.

Philip Pullman's *Galatea* (287pp. Gollancz. £5.75) is a fantasy about the achievement of perfection by scientific means, the ultimate imposition of the creations of man's mind upon nature, but the setting includes strong elements of more ancient powers of magic and illusion, of which the hero is ignorant until he sets out in search of his strangely absent wife. He begins his search in Valoncle, where even his conceits, the plaintive, insistant figure that recurs in their imaginations, have told that one before? equipped with $5,000 and an admirable new friend, fail to arouse his suspicions. After an encounter with a supernatural messenger and a zombie he plunges into a succession of increasingly bizarre adventures in the remote landscapes of South America. He is clearly the toy of ambiguous powers who regard him as inadequate and unreserving of the knowledge he seeks. In the end the mystery turns out to be quite straightforward.

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METHUEN

The writer as mesmerist

By Harold Beaver

TAYLOR STEHR :
Hawthorne's Mad Scientists
Pseudoscience and Social Science in Nineteenth-Century Life and Letters
313pp. Hamden, Connecticut : Archon Books (Distributed by Pandemic). £11.70.

The science of one century becomes the pseudoscience of the next. Through the rear-window of history we can observe how mesmerism, phrenology, phrenomagnetism, homeopathy and spiritualism flourished in the mid-nineteenth century. Yet our concern for human engineering, to this day, is rooted in their pseudologies. We are still confronted by the all too faithful notions of sociology and psychology.

Hawthorne and Poe were among the first to be lured by these new ideologies; and part of the fascination of their work lies precisely in the questions it poses on the relation of science to art. Hawthorne himself had seen mesmerism heal the sick. He had married into a family of homeopathic practitioners. He knew how to read character in a face. He had lived at Brook Farm and invested in it. He had edited a popular magazine and was well aware of the public mania for ghosts and spirit-rapping. Yet, so far as his voice can be identified in his fiction, Taylor Stoehr concludes, "he withheld final judgment".

This is true in the sense that Hawthorne notoriously slips and slithers and refusses to be pinned down. He is master of didactic evasion which both pronounces and smudges that pronouncement. Are Young Goodman Brown's apparitions of a witches' sabbat real? Is the story a fantasy? Or is it a historical fiction of Puritan fantasy? Or is it a modern fiction of the projections of repressed sexuality? No doubt all, in part. Yet in that long line of doctors, alchemists, botanists, hypnotists, physicists and inventors inhabiting his romances, something of Hawthorne's attitude to his age does emerge.

Taylor Stoehr is a popular historian. At least half of *Hawthorne's Mad Scientists* is dedicated to an analysis of *The Blithedale Romance* in terms of contemporary theses on abolitionism, feminism and spiritualism. As a cultural report this is often illuminating; as literary criticism this insistence on the local context can be distracting. H. Bruce Franklin's claims for Hawthorne as a pioneer of science fiction are not even mentioned. Yet *Future Perfect* directly confronts Stoehr's own initial questions. What attracted Hawthorne to victims or crazy scientists like Heidegger, Aylmer, Rappaccini, Chillingworth, Maule, Westervelt, Crimshawe and Dolliver? Why did they grip him so?

By interpenetrating experimental science with ethics, Hawthorne defined the new mode of science fiction; it was his key to psychology. Franklin answered. That is how he revolutionized Faustian or Gothic fiction. Constantly he toyed with concepts of an *elixir vitae* and of moral diseases. "A physician for the cure of moral diseases" runs a journal entry. Or another: "A moral philosopher to buy a slave, or otherwise get possession of a human being, and to use him for the sake of experiment, by trying the operation of a certain vice on him." Or again: "A person to be in the possession of something as perfect as mortal man has a right to expect; he tries to make it better, and ruins it entirely." That must be the origin of "The Birthmark", in which the mad, Faustian urge of a scientist — play-acting with the stereoscope, daguerreotype and diorama — was to overreach itself by the wizardry of sheer intellectual control. But science is not a religion. An aesthetic flaw should not be equated with a technological flaw, certainly not with a moral flaw. Imperfection is life. The removal of Georgiana's one physical blemish (a birthmark) makes her perfect—but dead.

From this religion of science Hawthorne turned to science as art. In "The Artist of the Beautiful" Owen Warland tries to "spiritualize machinery" by creating "Nature's Ideal butterfly", only to have it crushed by a flesh-and-blood baby. The play of creativity may imaginatively transcend organic life but it remains a toy, a trifle, a fiction ultimately, and so unnatural.

In "Rappaccini's Daughter" such miniature casualties of the lab are transformed to the universal death-trop of a lethal tradition. Venomous intellectuals now actively distil their venom. The poisoner's creative art is no fantasy merely. His daughter is poisonous. This is a revolutionary science of an Genesis Eden, where "as poison had been death", so the powerful antidote was death".

All these stories, then, tell of experimental self-delusion, of scientific perversion inevitably leading to destruction. Such techniques probate secrets, as Chillingworth probes into the dim recesses of Dimmesdale's soul. That is what Hawthorne called the "Unpardonable Sin".

This Unpardonable Sin might consist in a want of love and reverence for the Human Soul; in consequence of which, the investigator pried into its dark depths, not with a hope or purpose of making it better, but from a cold philosophical curiosity,—content that it should be wicked to whatever kind or degree, and only desiring to study it out.

Hawthorne's hypnotists — unlike their successors, Caligari and Thomas Mann's Cipolla—never debauch their victims out of political lust for self-gratification. They merely invade the "virgin reserve", the sanctity of their somnambulistic souls. The hold of Matthew Maule on Alice Pyncheon, or Holgrave on Phoebe, or Westervelt on Priscilla, is not that of sadistic mastery but of cold-hearted voyeurism.

This is what drew Hawthorne unambiguously to his "mad scientists". As fellow-artist he shared in all their guilt-laden tensions. He too was a technician of fictions. He too was a science probing social and phrenological mysteries in order to immobilize and trap men in his fictional webs. Dr Heidegger's experiment was his. He too was a spellbinding mesmerist, investigating the dark depths of his own soul. Mesmerism in a sense became for Hawthorne a metaphor of the writer's art: though he never resolved his own dilemma. "In *The Blithedale Romance*", Taylor Stoehr concludes, "he even tested the possibility of distinguishing the imaginative functions of the writer (Coverdale) and the mesmerist (Westervelt) that he had seen in a single function in Holgrave, but without success in absolving the writer from the unpardonable sin." On his return from Italy, his novels grew more and more fragmented. His artist-mesmerist disintegrated into a confusion of tentative roles from which he could no longer coordinate a plot.

The lost continent revisited

By C. Vita-Finzi

EDWIN S. RAMAGE (Editor) :
Atlantis
Fact or Fiction ?
223pp. Indiana Univarsity Press. $10.95.

Among the pieces with which Plato's Atlantis has been equated are the Arctic, Brazil, Ceylon, Iran, Iraq, Mexico, Spain, Spitzbergen and the Sahara. The current favourites are Crete and Thera. Crete was being championed by Balkis and Reich in 1900, and by Frost in 1909, but it was Spyridon Marinatos in 1939 who set the ball rolling; such is its present size and scholarly decoration that it easily crushes a challenge in 1971 from Bimini in the Bahamas. To the world at large it must seem as if the issue has been settled once and for all—just as Woolley's discovery of a few inches of mud at Ur appeared to confirm the reality of the biblical Flood.

Edwin S. Ramage's *Atlantis : Fact or Fiction ?* is an attempt to look at Atlantis dispassionately. It would be unjust to compare it with L. Sprague de Camp's eclectic survey *Lost Continents*, which is twice the length and half the price. Mr Ramage is not here to divert us with Lemuria, Mu, Captain Nemo and other menifesterions of the Atlantis theme. His aim is to "provide new perspectives" on the subject, and this he has done by encouraging authorities from various disciplines to set down and be published. "The resulting papers—all but one of which were presented at a panel discussion at Indiana University in 1975—are like whiffs of oxygen in a Tokyo smog.

The opening chapter, by the editor, traces the Atlantean will-o'-the-wisp from Plato's *Timaeus* and *Critias*, through between 2,000 and 10,000 books on the subject, to the modern Crete-Thera hypothesis. His summing up is severe: no one has yet offered a satisfactory solution to the problem—if, that is, there is a problem at all. J. V. Luce then considers the sources and literary form of Plato's tale. Readers of Luce's *The End of Atlantis* (1969) will be interested to learn that he no longer finds it fruitful to follow Galanopoulos in dividing Plato's measurements and ages by ten to make them fit Crete; 9,000 years, for example, is now seen merely as a round figure intended to convey a date early by Egyptian standards. To identify Thera with Atlantis *tout court* (writes Luce) is to give too definite a geographical solution; we cannot comprehend the Platonic myth unless we transcend the truth/falsity antithesis (i.e., drop the book's subtitle and also pp 176-98 of Luce's own volume, which hinge on the antithesis). "In the elaboration of their details the myths obviously exhibit a fictional element, but in their overall construction they are vehicles for conveying the truth as Plato sees it." Any expedition mounted to find Laputa or to seek traces of the Lord of the Flies would do well to incorporate this sentence in its grant application.

S. C. Fredericks ("The mythological perspective") has no truck with such compromise. There is not a single explicit connection between Plato's tale and the site on Santorini. To his mind the inundation of Atlantis is more simply interpreted as an echo of earlier flood myths; the actual location of Atlantis is the world of the mind. Ah, but what about the mighty Cretan thalassocracy, whose catastrophic demise is surely incontrovertible? J. R. Feats has looked, and he cannot find it. The Egyptian sources, Thucydides, Herodotus, Isocrates, and Aulus Aristides are silent, and neither archaeology nor toponymy indicates it was an overnight op their part. Worse still, what there was of Minoan civilization continued after the fifteenth century, albeit transformed by Greek occupation of Knossos. Small wonder that Feore's chapter rises to a crescendo of indignation: "Commercialism has thus transformed an instructive philosophical utopia into a harbinger of *The Towering Inferno*. . . . It is no tribute to that classical scholarship to have condoned and abetted this travesty".

So much for the effects. What of the causes? D. B. Vitaliano treats of them in turn, and goes through them in turn, and finds earthquakes, tsunamis and volcanoes either too weak or too early to help the Greian Atlantis. The suggestion that submergence was caused by a rise in sea level induced by glacial melting 11,500 years ago forces no better at the hands of H. E. Wright, Jr. The geological raspberry has recently received added puff from the Second International Thera Congress held in the Aegean this year. Yet the report on the congress in *Nature* concludes "It will be surprising, however, if such a major series of tectonic events should not be directly related to its otherwise puzzling, rapid decline of the Minoan civilization at a similar time". Ignatius Donnelly, author of *Atlantis : the Antediluvian World* (1890), wrote "There is an unbelief which grows but of ignorance, as well as a scepticism which is born of intelligence". Mr Ramage's book might in addition make much of this ignorance and promote some scepticism. But I am afraid it will not make one jot of difference. See you at the Third International Thera Congress.

The colours of the Irish

By Terence de Vere White

ANNE CROOKSHANK and THE KNIGHT OF GLIN :
The Painters of Ireland c1660-1920
303pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £15.

PETER HARBISON, HOMAN POTTERTON and JEANNE SHEEHY :
Irish Art and Architecture
272pp. Thames and Hudson. £11.

The authors' introduction to this very handsome book *The Painters of Ireland* begins as follows:

Few people can name a single Irish artist with the possible exception of Jack Yeats. It is commonly thought that all artists, even if they were born in Ireland, are English and it is easy to see why this is the case as there has been on general book of any substance on Irish painting. . . .

But who would have bothered to write such a book, who would have published it and, above all, who would have read it, until very recently? Because until Jack Yeats began to exhibit, the work of no Irish artist, ancient or modern, was out of reach of anyone with a hundred pounds in his pocket.

Suddenly this position changed. London dealers now ask high prices for paintings by Irish artists with whose names they were not familiar until recently. And in Ireland the boom has been widespread and indiscriminate. It would seem that the Irish had been suddenly smitten with a sense of guilt for centuries of neglect of their artists. This explanation is mindless: pictures are regarded as a good investment in a time of inflation. Growth of national self-confidence has led to support of this home product.

To what extent George Bernard Shaw's bequest of one third of his fortune to the National Gallery in Dublin has affected the issue, it is only possible to speculate. This gallery has almost doubled in size; the staff has increased twenty-fold; there is a permanent room of restorers. Dubliners swarm in the restaurant, another addition of recent years. Visitors to the gallery have gone up to a quarter of a million annually; before the Shaw bequest lovers could arrange a tryst in any of the rooms with little fear of interruption.

This change is prodigious, and nowhere more apparent than in the Irish section. These rooms, which had formerly a lack-lustre air, are now among the most attractive in the whole collection: partly from the results of intelligent buying of eighteenth-century landscapes, partly from the addition of paintings formerly in the Municipal Gallery, largely from better presentation. Irish painting has been given a chance to speak for itself.

What it says is the concern of this book, which Anne Crookshank and the Knight of Glin describe as not an attempt at a dictionary but "a simple chronological account of the history and development of Irish painting". The book-jacket describes "fascinating peregrinations all over Ireland and the United Kingdom" in the search for material and "the discovery of a virtually unknown school of eighteenth-century landscape painting whose romantic vision can hang proudly in the forefront of the European picturesque".

The publishers have certainly done the authors proud in the quality of the illustrations which are chosen to support their contention. They include previously unpublished examples of the work of several artists, but for the authors to take credit for the discovery of this school is an injustice to the National Gallery of Ireland and to those who recognized the intrinsic value of many of these artists long before they became fashionable. Until very recently, there was very little scholarship around—the history of art was not one of the courses in any Irish university. In that situation, pictures were sold with wrong attributions, and artists are still being disinterred now who had to all intents disappeared.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has a good cross-section of Irish painting but, as the authors of this book say, many of the artists worked in England, and to mention three: Maclise, Mulready and Danby—are thought of as English. One of the painters highlighted in the book is Roderic O'Conor, who worked in France with Gauguin and is the original of a character in Somerset Maugham's novel *The Moon and Sixpence*. His fellow-countrymen have not taken him to their hearts, regarding him, inevitably, as a sheep in wolf's clothing. Having private means, he was able to exist without much recognition.

Private means were very necessary for an artist who decided to work in Ireland. Jack Yeats, when at art school, married a fellow student with a modest income of her own; this enabled him to follow his own bent when his pictures, more often than not, returned from exhibitions unsold. Nathaniel Hone, in an earlier generation, having worked with the Barbizon painters and Harpignies (one of whose paintings sold as a Hone in Dublin not so long ago) married a member of the Jameson distillery family, enabling him to paint for his own pleasure—largely the cows in his own fields and the clouds above them. The richly gifted Walter Osborne toted himself painting portraits to keep alive; others failed to develop their small but real potency—had anything Irish, as such, in their work. And as our authors say, Orpen's three paintings in which his feelings for Ireland are depicted, in the National Gallery of Ireland, are not a success. He was unable to handle ideas that were, perhaps, not his own.

Anatole France, an etching (1906) by Anders Leonard Zorn : one of a number of "Important Old Master and Modern Prints" to be sold at Christie's on Wednesday, December 6.

We are left with the question: what makes an artist Irish? Being Irish by birth, or working there as William Ashford—the first president of the Royal Hibernian Academy—did for a lifetime?

In a book so detailed as this it is inevitable that the wood at times cannot be seen for the trees. Expertise has led to attention being paid to artists whose appeal is strictly academic. The reader is not assisted if he wishes to know the importance of any of these artists in an international context or, indeed, in a British one. Where, for instance, does Walter Osborne stand in comparison with his European contemporaries? No attempt at an assessment of this kind is made. An opportunity to do justice at last to Nathaniel Hone (1831-1917) is allowed to go by default. We are told about many painters, but no new judgments are made. Commitment is avoided; the authors have recourse to George Moore for a disparagement of Hone. The narratives is overweighted; the overloaded prose stumbles and at times becomes incoherent.

This fault cannot be found with the Thomas and Hudson volume covering architecture as well as art in Ireland. That such a book is required after so much in recent years from Maurice Craig and other authorities on Irish houses, churches and monuments seems debatable; but this well-produced and attractively written book happens to appear at a time when an estimated million people are seeing the Book of Kells and other artifacts of Ireland's golden age in the United States. (Knowing Dublin, that this disaster is sanctioned without a storm at home is a tribute to the tact of someone.)

Tact, it may be said, informs this volume. Peter Harbison discusses the megalithic monuments in the Boyne valley—where spectacular finds have been made by George Eogan and his team—without referring to the unsightly appearance that has been imposed (by others) on Newgrange, the most celebrated of the three tombs.

Mr Harbison copes admirably with the Irish story from pre-history until 1650, when it is taken up by Homan Potterton. Jeanne Sheehy is allotted the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, leaving sculpture to the capable pen of Mr Potterton. A feature of this book is the full treatment given to the churches erected in Dublin and elsewhere after the granting of Catholic Emancipation in 1829. The same lack of self-confidence which had back the Irish from supporting their best artists prevented them from advancing the claims of many of these churches for sympathetic attention. It seemed that the recently emancipated accepted all too readily that there was no salvation, assthetically, outside the Church of Ireland. The extent to which young architects have been given a free hand in the building of new churches in Ireland—in the past the Roman Catholic hierarchy exercised strict control—is not generally realized. Modern architecture in Ireland, in this area, has something to offer. It makes up for so much that has been unhappily erected in the cities and—more unhappily—pulled down.

Mr Potterton reshapes his enthusiasm for Ireland's most vigorous sculptor, Patrick Smyth, best known for his riverine heads on the Custom House; his statue of Charles Lucas (reproduced in the book) in the Dublin City Hall has a vitality that makes the statues around it look stuffed. Content to work on Gandon's commissions in Ireland, Smyth forfeited the fame he might have won abroad. Mr Potterton's favourite is J. H. Foley, whose best work is said to be in India. His Dublin street statues are an integral part of the city; not so well known is his bust of Mrs Prandergast in the Dublin gallery. Its appearance here is the most charming encounter in a well-organized book.

Miss Sheehy gives a bravely personal account of Irish painting, attempting to cover the whole field. The examples chosen for reproduction—Maclise's horrible "Christmas in the Baronis Hall" for example—are not always happy.

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Cowboys in context

By Philip French

HOWARD R. LAMAR (Editor):
The Reader's Encyclopedia of the American West
1,316pp. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $24.95.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way", wrote Bishop Berkeley, and while he himself got no farther than Rhode Island, one of the most westerly institutions of higher education in America bears his name and he would have been happy about the way the West is idealistically perceived today.

The dustjacket of this *Reader's Encyclopedia* actually reproduces Emanuel Leutze's heroic painting of pioneers heading towards the frontier that takes its title from that famous line in Berkeley's poem *On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America*. Oddly enough there aren't entries on Leutze and Berkeley. They are among the few omissions in this valuable and wide-ranging book.

The editor, Howard R. Lamar of Yale, gave the keynote address at a recent conference sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts and the Levi Strauss Corporation that brought academics, critics, film makers and stars together for a week at Sun Valley, Idaho, to discuss "Western Movies: Myths and Images". His aim was to reconcile the interests of all those taking part. He failed. The frontier historians took a conventionally conscious view of Hollywood's treatment of the facts. The social scientists used Westerns as grist to their interpretative mills. The movie critics thought the academics failed to grasp the aesthetic and mythic aspects of the cinema. The Indians dismissed cowboy pictures as yet another example of paleface treachery and were supported in this by Marlon Brando, who sent a ferocious telegram denouncing the gathering. The feminists deplored the genre's treatment of women and its celebration of machismo. The moviemakers, in so far as they understood what was going on, managed to turn everything into an exchange of anecdotes and comparison of budgets.

But if Dr Lamar's speech was unsuccessful in bringing everyone together in Sun Valley, his encyclopedia is certain to be of interest to all those present and, more than that, each group is likely to feel that its own particular ground has been thoroughly and judiciously covered. His book differs from similar books on the subject, such as the recently published *Encyclopedia of the Old West*, in several respects. To begin with it avoids being what most books about the West are—either the work of expansive frontier buffs or of scholars anxious to reveal their contempt for popular culture. Two hundred writers, most of them academics, have contributed to this encyclopedia and their sympathies are as broad as the book's scope.

"One of the premises of this volume", Dr Lamar writes, "is that the frontier or Western experience is nothing less than the story of an evolving American culture." So his West isn't confined to a period roughly from the Alamo to Wounded Knee, an area between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and the world of ranchers, miners, cowboys and gunslingers. The book begins with the first step west by the first explorer and comes right down to Houston's role as staging post for journeys into the galactic wilderness.

The book attaches nearly no much importance to the "cowboy's tailor" Levi Strauss who began a sartorial revolution by turning canvas into miners' pants in the California gold rush, and to the Philadelphian hatter, John Stetson, another innovative entrepreneur who gave his name to an article of apparel, as it does to Wyatt Earp and Wild Bill Hickok. Naturally the historians Frederick Jackson Turner, Walter Prescott Webb and J. Frank Dobie figure prominently, as individual entries and under the detailed section on frontier theory. Less obviously Ben Franklin rates an extensive six-column essay about his views on the West.

The coverage of Indian affairs is exemplary—detailed sections on tribes, language, historical leaders, and the current scene, with items on the Pulitzer Prize novelist and scholar Scott Momaday, a Kiowa Sioux, and the Sioux lawyer and polemicist Vine Deloria Jr, one of the most vigorous writers in America and as yet unpublished in Britain though translated into several European languages. In his introduction Dr Lamar is somewhat apologetic about the leading role of frontier women in the fieldtoy historians (and by Mae West, wood). But there is a full column on the remarkable Ruth Muskrat Bronson, an Oklahoma Cherokee leader born in 1897, educated at the exclusive Mount Holyoke College, in New England, and subsequently deeply involved for more than fifty years in Indian education and welfare at national, state and reservation levels. In 1954 she wrote a book called *Indians Are People Too*. How different the title is from Deloria's *We Talk, You Listen* of 1970.

Inevitably there are some disappointments and some errors in the book. There is a categorical assertion that Judge Roy Bean "tha lnw West of the Pecos" named the town of Langtry after his adored Jersey Lily, when this is reason to suppose that the dotty little Texan township took its name from a railway engineer.

The art entries, while informative and factually accurate, do not sufficiently define the distinctive characteristics. The distinction most critics now see between the superficially similar visions of Remington and Russell is not remarked upon, and the changing conception of the artist's role that separates them from, say, Albert Bierstadt is passed over.

Chauvinism perhaps insinuates into the British reviewer pointing out that the Kansas-born restaurateur Ford Ferguson Harvey (1866-1928) is a less seminal figure than his father Frederick Henry Harvey, who quit London in 1850 at the age of fifteen, established a catering empire in the West, and posthumously enabled Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren to win an Academy Award for their song "On the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé" from *The Harvey Girls*. Ford Harvey gets an entry (so of course does the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé), while Fred only rates a subsidiary reference. More seriously, I would like to have been given some endpaper maps.

But these are quibbles about a quite extraordinarily imaginative book, a labour of love and serious scholarship, that, at a price of roughly £12 for 1,300 double-column pages covering the subject from "A & M colleges" to Rufus Zogbaum is a real bargain.

Fighting and writing

By Ian Hamilton

GEORGE PLIMPTON:
Shoeless Joe
352pp. André Deutsch. £6.95.

There are those who would praise George Plimpton for doing what other chronic sports fans dream about. Not for him the slumped envy of the past-it fantasizer. George the Journollet actually joins teams, plays real games with pros in front of bona fide fans. And not just that; he writes about it. George isn't just a jock-fanciier. He is in general a fancier of fame, but particularly—after sports—of literary fame. It would be out of character for him not to—as it were—get the dope first-hand on what it feels like to write and sell real books.

An enviable figure, you might justly imagine. In the course of Plimpton's career as what he calls a "participatory" journalist, there seems almost nobody of sporting or literary celebrity whom he has not somehow met, dined with, or at any rate got through to on the phone. It's not just his Harvard and Cambridge, England background, nor is it everything to do with him having served his time in the well-heeled sub-Bohemia that used to provide *The Paris Review*, which he edits, with its milieu and its cachet. Doors open that extra inch or two to Georgs partly because he's got a nice, persistent knock, but also because he is so important minds cleverer than his curriculum vitae might suggest. The second-fiddle, the boser-in, the sawyer, George's strength is that it wouldn't occur to him that he could ever be thought of in those terms. He seems to lack whatever embarrassment gland it is that makes the reader squirm when told (this is just before Plimpton fights three rounds with Archie Moore):

> George Brown said that Dempsey could have licked anybody in the modern era easy as pie; he was just the greatest tiger there had been "except for this tiger we got sitting here in the cob" and he would laugh and dig me in the ribs. "Why, this tiger could take Dempsey and Louis in one afternoon and chew up Gene Tunney in the evening time" and I would look out the window, at Third Avenue in the rain and think how much I enjoyed being called "Tiger".

And a bit later on: ". . . I hoped they'd refer to me as a 'Tiger' again. There wasn't a more satisfactory word".

Plimpton's other face-saving grace is simply that, awed though he is by success in almost any genre, he lacks the full-hearted vanity that marks out most of those he worships. The routine sports fanzeiler, I would think, could never be satisfied by the kind of thing George settles for. After, say, a week opening the batting for England, the cricket nut would probably end up more manspirited than before—paralysingly he would have discovered for all time that he really is no good, or maybe, just too old. George does not work like this. He has no real wish to be Archie Moore or Muhammed Ali or Ernest Hemingway—all he requires is the merest taste of their other-worldly essence. To this end, he is prepared to stomach—and enjoy—huge quantities of this-worldly humble pie.

In *Shoeless Joe*, since the main object of Plimpton's wonder is the "flight game", there is many a knuckle sandwich to be relished. The book is in fact a rather eccentric paste-up of old *Sports Illustrated* flight reports, or—more accurately—pre and post-flight feature articles (George likes to boast that he is a dud with deadlines) interspersed with extended anecdotes, some mugged-up barroom lore, and every fifty or so pages a leisurely yarn or two from George's larger-than-life life. These tales do not always have to do with fisticuffs—they just crop up somehow and George lets them ramble on, rather as they ramble on in life, when he was there. We hear about that night when Tyson refused to join a firing squad in Havana (George did not refuse), when Hemingway did not get to arm-wrestle Norman Mailer (George did) and—passing over—we are told how Plimpton himself and a clutch of influential United States thinkers, failed to get Muhammed de-banned after his refusal to join the army. Missed opportunities, or opportunities peremptorily seized—there must be harder ways of living in two worlds.

Still, there are some worked-over set-pieces here—the Zaire "Rumble in the Jungle", in particular, and the results of a write-around to authors requesting their favourite death-fantasies—which are relatively Plimpton-less; that is to say, we can enjoy them without having to respond, one way or another, to the author's zeal to prove that three can indeed be company; that is to say, the company is "good company".

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Modernism in movement

By David Kalstone

ARLENE CROCE:
Afterimages
288pp. A. & C. Black. £8.95.

Most dance criticism travels badly. Dance performances are fugitive, ephemeral occasions (recall Dickens's ephemeralis incal); they are less transportable than plays, less reproducible than paintings, less durable than films. All the more reason to welcome Arlene Croce's *Afterimages*, which provides, in reviews spanning the decade 1966 to 1976, a continuing argument about the future of dance and particularly of classical ballet. To Croce's eye isolated dance performances become, when they are good, pure and instructive examples of what it means to create for the stage; and, when they are bad, warnings about what can go wrong with culture in the modern city. She writes about a brand of theatrical health of which the dance world is almost the last—not always dependable in condition. Since New York is the place of much of this dancing, *Afterimages* is also, in the tonic manner of Shaw on London, a brilliant and funny book about Manhattan: its appetites and possibilities, its audiences' vulgarities and realized dreams.

Croce's New York is, for one thing, the stage on which, through the medium of dance, the last act of International modernism is being played out. It is not simply that she takes full measure of the great Balanchine-Stravinsky collaborations whose taut wedding of classical avant-garde and American idioms redefined modernism and kept it alive. Even more tellingly, she has shown how those masterpieces enliven the way we look at other creations. The strength of Merce Cunningham, still the most radically original talent in modern dance, is shown to be tied precisely to his engagement with classicism: "In a way, he saved classical dancing by showing what it could be reduced to and still work." Whether she is talking about Cunningham, Paul Taylor, the gifted young Twyla Tharp, or Balanchine himself, classicism is Croce's point of departure. Honoured, exposed, refigured, extended or violated, the classical vocabulary proves to be a lens on a whole culture, especially musical, heritage ranging from St Petersburg to 42nd Street.

Take, for example, *Who Cares?*, a Balanchine ballet which conflates classical and show dancing and is set to seventeen Gershwin songs. Its cast of principals—one male dancer and three ballerinas—recalls Apollo and his Muses from the Balanchine - Stravinsky - Diaghilev *Apollon Musagète*. At one point (in a setting of "Clap Yo' Hands" now oddly omitted from New York City Ballet performances of the work) the choreographic quotes directly from his earlier ballet in what Croce calls "an unframable glimpse of the multiple precedents *Who Cares?* is made of".

It's then that we see, for just the flash of the moment that he gives us to see it, how comradely the links are between the Gershwin of *Lady, Be Good!*, *Tip-Toes*, *Oh, Kay!*, and *Funny Face*, and the syncopated Stravinsky of *Apollon Musagète*. We notice that the dancers . . . wear necklin belts in homage not only to Astaire but to the Chanel who in 1928 knotted men's striped cravats around the waists of Apollo's muses. But the allusion to 1928 isn't sad-stopped; it reverberates with *Apollo*'s own sense of the nineties and Marius Petipa—high noon at the Mariyinsky . . . and so we are borne back ceaselessly into the past. To the question "What is classicism?" Balanchine responds with a blithe shrug and a popular song. Classicism is the Hall of Fame viewed as a hall of mirrors. The Fun House.

The breadth of reference, the grasp of issues, the sense of play—everything here matches Balanchine's tone, never inflating the particular ballet beyond its importance, but keeping the reader's eye on the essential point: the opportunities for growth nourished by the past.

Croce is alive to this issue in the case of dancers as well. The publication of *Afterimages* in England comes on the eve of the realization of what would have seemed, last year, the sheerest of fantasies: the first appearances in New York City of the former dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov as a member of Balanchine's New York City Ballet, the best dance company in America and the one which up to this point has resisted its Kirov cousins, notably Rudolf Nureyev and Natalia Makarova.

Croce's appointment as dance critic of the *New Yorker* (where she has been able to write more frequently and in greater detail than was possible in her quarterly and monthly forums, her own *Ballet Review* and *The Dancing Times*) coincides almost exactly with Baryshnikov's first appearances in North America in 1974 and his subsequent defection. Just as she was the critic best able to locate her enthusiasms about Baryshnikov in more than a spiral of adjectives, she was also unique in holding back a bit, pointing out the problems his special talents and his defection posed for him. She showed her readers how to watch for his unprecedented combinations of classical steps, effortless and often from a single invisible preparation. (This set lay readers reeling dangerously through tiny New York apartments, dance manuals in hand.) But she pointed out that "Baryshnikov's promise lies not in novel steps but in his power to push classical steps to a new extreme in logic, a new density of interest. He is a modern classical dancer".

If this predicted new powers for male classical dancing in this century, it also suggested difficulties: He harbors the future, but his roles keep him from exploring it. If ever a dancer needed new roles, it is he, and I don't mean roles from the modern Western repertory which would be new just to him; I mean his own new roles, with advanced choreography. . . .

This was an accurate prophecy of Baryshnikov's problems in his four years with American Ballet Theatre, of his successes in the classics, and of the spastic roles—Hamlet, Jason opposite Fracci's Medea—which misguided choreographers imagined as a way of expressing his energies. His one successful "new" role in Twyla Tharp's Push Comes to Shove showed something of what the "American" Baryshnikov might be.

The critical technique quoted here is common in *Afterimages*. However detailed her recourse to the technical dance vocabulary, Croce always turns her descriptions towards questions of growth, of what dance will discover and release in the dancer. In "Dancers and Dance Critics", she remarks that

> there is a sense in which classical technique, with its equalizing standards, protects the lazy critic, permits him to slot performers in simple good-better-best categories. There is another, neglected, sense in which classical technique can only heighten those personal qualities that make dancers interesting and interestingly different from one another.

In the first Baryshnikov season she made what seemed then the sharpest judgment that Baryshnikov's role as the Green Skater in Ashton's *Les Patineurs* was probably his best in the Ballet Theatre repertory. It allowed the Russian dancer to play it solitary, "as if the Green Skater's isolation were to be attributed to his genius. He . . . suggested a boy who builds dynamos in his attic; he had that kind of tragic happiness" (a cue which only Twyla Tharp among choreographers took up in inventing dances for Baryshnikov). Croce had moved from observations about the Russian's brilliant technique to find in his reading of this role—where technical display usually signifies brashness—the psychological link between his "dazzling dance power and the diffidence of his personality". There is a studious look one still catches in his face during moments of stage concentration which recalls photos of him at quivering indrawn attention in Pushkin's classes in Leningrad.

Croce's swing from technical insight into metaphor also brings her close to explaining the impact of Suzanne Farrell, the great New York City Ballet dancer praised but curiously under-described by the critical establishment. (Writers such as Robert Garis have done better by her in the little magazines and literary quarterlies.) Croce contrasts Farrell's style "based on risk" with that of other ballerinas praised for held balances. Farrell "perfects the act of balance/imbalance as a constant feature of dancing". The critic teaches us how to see this, but she also renders the curve of our response:

> And what a mastery it is—of continual off-centre balances maintained with light support or no support at all, of divergently shaped steps unthinkably combined in the same phrase, of invisible transitions between steps and delicate shifts of weight in poses that reveal new and sweeter harmonies. . . . Your eye gorges on her variety, your heart stops at the brink of every precipice. She, however, sails calmly out into space and returns as if the danger did not exist.

Croce has restated critical issues in dance so that false distinctions drop away; misleading notions, for example, about what constitutes "preserving a classic". Revivals of classics only justify themselves in relation to the power they release in dance companies at a particular moment and in proportion to what the ballet discovers in its interpreters. The Royal Ballet's revival of *The Sleeping Beauty* after the Second World War nourished and extended the company. Croce saw the newer version of 1966 as merely fixing the earlier image, or, worse, turning it into a "His and Hers ballet", a kind of hierarchical prison, rather than reinventing it for the whole company's needs. *Afterimages* is strong on critiques of inadequate versions of *The Sleeping Beauty*—it almost constitutes a prompt book for a production of its own.

Croce makes the further illuminating suggestion that Balanchine's *Theme and Variations* is a truer homage to the Petipa classic than any merely pious revival of *The Sleeping Beauty*. *Theme and Variations* (now danced by New York City Ballet as the last movement of Tchaikovsky's Suite 3) restates the *Beauty*'s hierarchical cast with its demi-soloists in roles reminiscent of Petipa's good fairies. In the music land, Baryshnikov, who has performed it with Ballet Theatre, projects an "eighteenth-century grace of deportment" which reveals links with his Prince Florimund. Above all, the dance imagery of this ballerina role recalls "Aurora rewritten in lightning".

This goes beyond eloquence in suggesting why dance movement—combinations of steps—signifies so strongly and with such interesting complications in Balanchine's work. His plotless ballets honour the place of particular movements, in earlier ballets and in ballet training; a step brings its history with it. Croce is a tonic critic of the perversions of what she calls "dance totalism", the abstract ballets of John Neumeier, say, or some of the story ballets of Kenneth MacMillan and John Cranko in which "no matter how mechanical and inexpressive the dancing may be, as long as dance is happening, it's ballet". In a sense "George and Martha, poremis of the American movement in choreography", have done their work too well, have been betrayed by choreographers who have ceased to see the value of mime or the dramatic nuances (characterization) of dance. "It's the old story: Poverty of Means gives to the ball dressed-up as Purity of Expression." The essay called "Ballet Without Choreography" would be an eye-opener for those who sit drumming their fingers through the predominantly narrative first acts of *Giselle* or the more traditional versions of *The Nutcracker*, or a mixture of dance and genre theatre like the Royal Danish Ballet's version of Bournonville's *The Guards of Amager*.

Judging dance companies, Croce is like an anthropologist stalking the rare and healthy tribe whose culture is fulfilling to its members and restorative to witnesses. She responds to dance not because of any abstract notions about form or bravura movement for its own sake but because a whole company, when and if it functions properly, provides, through work, for the growth and self-discovery of its members. The dance company becomes a heightened model of creativity through the accumulated knowledge expressed by schooling of the body and vitally wedded to the body's limitations. The ways in which that discipline releases individuality are made clear in the most remarkable piece of criticism in *Afterimages*—a model of dance analysis—an essay on Balanchine's *The Four Temperaments*. Croce shows, among other things, how that complex ballet pays tribute to the dancer's classroom training and transfigures it into a vision of human variety. She makes a similar point in a series of essays on Martha Graham's work, showing how that dancer's discipline and training taken up in narrative became a principle of drama and suspense (sometimes dangerously underlined to the point of melodrama in her versions of Greek myths).

One of Croce's colleagues in dance criticism seemed puzzled that Croce had special appeal to readers outside the field, especially people in the literary world, as if this were somehow irrelevant. There are reasons why some of the best dance criticism from Caution on has come from writers outside this rather vaguely defined "field". One is that it takes a good writer to preserve some of these fugitive moments and figures. (Among my favourites in this book is a description of the young Gelsey Kirkland "hold, with the clear eyes of a huntress"; and Nureyev in a memorable pose at the end of the *Corsaire* pas de deux: "he slams himself to the floor as the ballerina's feet and yearns upward from the small of his back.")

But it is not only the absolute adequacy of style that makes this book outstanding. Most critics who the dance world for granted; Croce asks it to be at its best, to stand and deliver. Talking about the "scared face of publicity" in New York and its effects on the art, she has maintained an aristocratic severity which seems to me totally justified. As early as 1969 she exploded the notion of the "dance explosion" in New York, trumpeted by the likes of Clive Barnes, by remarking that

> box-office statistics, smart publicity, and adjustable reviewing standards have set the whole ballet scene ashimmer with lesser lights, disguising the inconvenient truth that ballet is only good when it is great. Go below a certain level—the level, say, reached by most of the new and rediscovered talents of the sixties—and it does not exist at all. The ballet-lover knows very well that what he loves in his heart cannot be given to him except by a very few who—alas for democracy—are by no means evenly distributed among the world's peoples.

However little comfort this gives, the other side of the coin is that Croce never takes cover behind the shield of "high art" and she is hard on those who do, as in her tart exposure of the pretentiousness of "pure dance" in the recent crop of Broadway musicals such as *Chicago*, *A Chorus Line* and *Dancin'*. The author of the indispensable *The Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers Book* (recently reissued in a handsome paperback) looks for performance health where she can find it. Site writes as well about Richard and Janet Cleare in the World's Professional Ballroom Dancing Championships or John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever* as she does of her ballet favourites. If there were another nourishing example of tradition and the individual talent beyond classical ballet, she would be ready to move on. And she frees her readers to do the same.

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The World Economy
833pp. Macmillan. £25.

In 1960 W. W. Rostow published a book called *The Stages of Economic Growth*, which had a very considerable impact on the theory of the subject, and, indeed, on the whole study of the evolution of modern economies. At the time that he developed these ideas, which led to such expressions as "take-off" and "mass consumption society" becoming economic catch-phrases, he was teaching economic history at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There followed a period of considerable involvement in public affairs, culminating in his role as Special Assistant for National Security Affairs to President Johnson.

Rostow subsequently returned to academic life as a professor at the University of Texas, where he still teaches. The attractions of the campus at Austin have evidently not led him to slow down to the leisurely pace of life that one can, if one likes, enjoy beneath the blue skies of that remarkable state, where the delights of an outstanding library can be alternated with attendance at the football games between the Longhorns and the Aggies. Professor Rostow has continued to pursue his chosen subject with the utmost energy. The present book, which runs—with appendixes and index—to 833 large quarto-size pages, is certainly not the last in the series of studies on the same theme which we can expect from him.

It is clearly, however, some kind of climacteric; and it would be natural for the author himself to look upon it as the culmination of a tenacious attempt to combine economic history and economics in a grand synthesis. A promised separate volume on policy questions will contain detailed prescriptions; in the meantime, we must content ourselves with the "Framework for Policy" to be found at the end of the present book.

First, then, the structure of the volume. It is in six parts of very unequal length. The first forty pages deal with the "Demographic Transition", and the next fifty or so give an overall view of economic history since the eighteenth century. There follow three much more detailed parts, totalling some 450 pages. One deals with eight distinct periods of growth from 1790 to 1976, under the general heading of "Balanced and Unbalanced Growth"; the next with "Business Cycles" and the last with twenty individual countries, on the basis of no elaborate statistical apparatus developed with the aid of the computer. In the final part of the book, entitled "The Future of The World Economy", a "Framework for Policy" is sketched out. There are also a number of statistical annexes on production, trade, and so on.

Let me say at once that *The World Economy* can serve as a useful source-book for historical facts and statistical data, both on a global and on a national basis. There is a reservation to be made, however, that the book's figures have been specially selected, compiled and presented to serve the author's general theory of growth, and care must be exercised in their use. This is by no means to say that the figures are in any way "bent", simply that since a good deal of this material can be found in other more general compilations, the purely reference aspect of the book cannot be its unique merit.

There is a further point to be made about the data. It is true that the techniques Rostow uses are novel, and this applies particularly to some of the indexes and graphs presented here. The question arises, however, whether some of the statistical series, for some of the countries, and in respect of a period that goes back in a number of cases to the early nineteenth century, are fully reliable. One's view of this will, of course, depend on whether the theses underlying the statistics in themselves carry an inherent plausibility or at least an attraction.

The principal interest of the book lies in fact in its analytical and theoretical sections, rather than in the descriptive and statistical material which accompanies them. But first a few general remarks on enterprises of this kind. The urge to evolve a comprehensive theory of history, be it economic or otherwise, is an ever-present temptation to which many, from Marx to Spengler and now to Rostow, together with many other less audacious writers, have succumbed. In most of these attempts statistical "proofs" have not been lacking. The grand theorizing was already present in Rostow's earlier book, *Stages of Economic Growth*; and having once received the revelation as to the essence of world history, he could not resist the temptation to try to "prove" it by an elaborate empirical underpinning. So it was with Marx also—and I hope Rostow will not mind the comparison.

I have always believed that, despite Marx's talent for painting, detailed study—which Rostow also clearly has in abundant measure—his real appeal lies in the simple outlines of his basic theory. Indeed, since only a tiny fraction of those who accept the Marxian theory have ever bothered to read the three volumes of *Capital*, it is in the last resort by the basic doctrine that Marxists must stand or fall.

Even though the analogy with Marx is by no means perfect, by the end of *The World Economy* we are essentially back where we were with *The Stages of Economic Growth*. There is a good deal of elaboration here which was not present in the earlier, much slimmer volume. For example, whereas in the earlier book Kondratief is not mentioned, in the present work he is given virtually pride of place; a crucial part of the new version of Rostow's theory is in fact the long-cycle theory of Kondratief. But it is the view one takes of the theory contained in *The Stages of Economic Growth* that must determine judgment of the present work. This is not the place to go in detail over the ground that has been covered by so many commentators since the earlier book was published.

All I need to say is that, despite many astute and indeed highly stimulating ideas, it seemed to me to be essentially a taxonomic exercise. Classification can, of course, bring enlightenment, but if one is setting out to find some "fundamental" economic explanation (some may say an unwise, if not an impossible ambition in any event), then classificatory labels are hardly enough. This book, to the extent that it still relies on the ideas of *The Stages of Economic Growth*, remains subject to the same doubt. The injection of Kondratief is important, but it does not remove the doubt. The statistical evidence cannot, as yet, be regarded as convincing.

When Rostow turns finally to policy, it is not very clear what relation the Rostow or Kondratief cycles, both theoretical and statistical, bear to the discussion of policy implications appearing under such topics as the rationality or otherwise of the views of the "Club of Rome", the problems of population, food, energy, raw materials, pollution, and so forth, which culminate in a discussion of the task for international cooperation. Much of this, I feel, could have stood on its own, without the scaffolding of the theory of economic history and the empirical material.

I hasten to add that with many of Rostow's ideas I am in considerable agreement. I believe, with him, that the "supply side" of economic problems is extremely important and has often been neglected. I also believe, with him, that the developed industrialized world has not yet fully assimilated, let alone accepted, the consequences of current trends in the developing world, even after the emphatic demonstration provided by the quintupling of the price of oil. I also share an optimism about the prospects for international cooperation, although I must admit that this is comparamental rather than rational.

But having said this, I cannot help wondering whether Professor Rostow would not have done better to have resisted the temptation to combine the further development of his original theory (together with his reflections on policy) with this enormous weight of empirical and statistical data, and to have given us straight away the volume on policy for which the present book provides only an appetizer.

A Third World presence

By Hedley Bull

ALI A. MAZRUI :
Africa's International Relations
The Diplomacy of Dependency and Change
310pp. Heinemann. £8.50.

Ali Mazrui is not only the most distinguished political writer to have emerged from independent black Africa and the most penetrating and discriminating expositor of the ideology of the Third World, but is also a most illuminating interpreter of the drift of world politics. His view of world politics is the view from the bottom up, the view of the black man—the "lowest caste in the international hierarchy", "the most humiliated" (even if not the most brutalized or the most deprived) "of the racial apartheids of the world". Yet Mazrui is not bitter or rancorous but genial and good-humoured. There is nothing parochial or self-centred or self-pitying in his black African point of view. The issues that interest him, the audience to whom he addresses himself, even the values he embraces are not simply black or African or Third World but global. Indeed, the question this series about this expatriate African professor at the University of Michigan and perpetually itinerant lecturer and seminarist is whether he is not so cosmopolitan and (with some qualifications) so liberal a figure that his views are too unrepresentative of African and Third World opinion to be acceptable as a guide to it.

The black African people, as Mazrui sees them, "once relegated to the outer periphery of world events and condemned to marginal roles in diplomatic history", are still held back by the failure of Nkrumah's dream of pan-African continental government, by the difficulties of moving "from nationalism to nationhood" in states divided by ethnic loyalties, by the persistence of European hegemony in technology, economic arrangements and culture (especially in the francophone areas where the concept of Eurafrica "continues to cast its spell") and by military weakness in relation to white supremacist South Africa. The United States, Mazrui thinks, has done less harm in Africa than it has done in South-East Asia or Latin America; but it has also done less good—it has failed to combine its African liberation [illegible] "Vietnam", but has worked [illegible] effective by its econ[illegible] South Africa [illegible] support of Portugal until the 1974 coup, and the support it extended to Rhodesia through the Byrd Amendment. By contrast the Soviet Union, he writes, "has so far always been at least a decade ahead of the United States in understanding the forces at work in the Third World". It has had a reserved attitude towards "bourgeois nationalism" in Africa, the aid it has extended to African countries has been only a fraction of that provided by the West, and its intellectual impact on Africa does not begin to compare with that of the West (even Marxism came to Africa from the West, and especially from France, rather than from Russia). But it has consistently supported the two great foreign policy goals common to black African states — liberation from white rule and the integrity of existing frontiers.

Mazrui sees four "signs of hope" for Africa. First, there is the possibility that, as in Nigeria and Gabon, the discovery of oil and other resources will lead to the emergence of new centres of wealth and power. Second, there is the hope of continued solidarity of the Third World in support of African causes—especially the alliance between black African and Arab states which arose in the early 1970s, association opposition to Israel with opposition to South Africa, and channels Arab funds into black African coffers. "To live down their role as accomplices in Africa's enslavement", Mazrui writes of the Arabs, "it was right that they should later have become allies in Africa's liberation." Third, there is the hope that out of the African intellectual melting-pot of liberal-capitalist, socialist, nationalist and traditionalist systems of thought Africans will forge through "creative eclecticism" some element of ideological autonomy, fusing the fragmented ethnic subcultures of Africa in a process of horizontal cultural integration, and African cultures with European and other external ones in a corresponding vertical process. Fourth, Mazrui finds hope in the possibility that Africa will be able to balance the developed world's penetration of Africa with an African "counter-penetration" of the developed world. To provide this "Third World presence" within the advanced countries that will match in its significance the presence of the former in the lives of Africans, Asians and Latin Americans, he looks among other things to the [illegible] expatriates, above all in the [illegible] far exported by Jewish Americans. When four black Americans begin to count for as much as one single Jewish American of the present period, it might at last be conceivable for an American president to order a nuclear alert in defence of bewildered Zimbabwe or South African freedom fighters, and conceivable it lost for an American Senate to threaten economic sanctions against South Africa if freedom of mobility from one part of Johannesburg to another is not fully conceded.

If Mazrui's programme is one of enabling African or Third World dependency it is also one of constructing a world community in which due account is taken of the rights of non-African and non-Third World peoples. The principles, moreover, on which he draws in setting out his vision of a world community derive principally, even if not exclusively, from the liberal and cosmopolitanist traditions of the West. His call for a fusion or integration of cultures is one that commits him, to the course of liberal tolerance, and sets his against closed systems of thought such as Marxism and tribalism. He wants to combat dependency in the cultural realm along with economic and political dependency, but the premises that lead him to think that "a world federation of cultures" is preferable to the dominance of a single culture are Western. In conformity with the present Western fashion he sees in African totemism a commendable form of "ecological concern" and makes his bow to "traditional African systems of knowledge". Mazrui's own acclaimed book on termitology, seems to me, based on scientific rationality. This book was apparently finished too early to allow a full discussion of President Carter's human rights policy and much of the latter part of this book is Mazrui's prescriptions.

The revolt of African, Asian and Latin-American peoples against the West in this century was, in its first phase a revolt directed against Western dominance but not yet against the West, but carried out in the name of Western values. There are many signs that the revolt is now in a second phase in which it is directed against Western dominance and against the West, against Western values, even against reason. If I understand him correctly, Mazrui sees the salvation of such values as the realization of certain human values, not for the reputation of them—even if these values are no longer the [illegible] the West [illegible] Third World [illegible] but rather because [illegible] the human [illegible]

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The gay dimension

By D. J. West

ALAN P. BELL and MARTIN S. WEINBERG :
Homosexualities
A Study of Diversity Among Men and Women
505pp. Mitchell Beazley. £7.95.

According to the blurb Alan Bell and Martin Weinberg's "comprehensive study examines in depth the dimensions of sexual experience . . . among homosexual men and women". It is a research survey from the (Kinsey) Institute for Sex Research at Bloomington, Indiana, carried out in 1969-70, and a worthy example of the products of that organization. In sampling procedures, in the design of interview schedules and in the statistical analysis, the most sophisticated survey methods were used. The sheer magnitude of the undertaking is impressive. The names of over 200 project staff are listed at the end of the book, some 1,500 persons were interviewed at length and the report includes over 200 pages of numerical tabulations of their responses.

Like Kinsey's pioneer surveys of male and female sexual conduct, the present research serves to establish some basic data without which intelligent discussion cannot proceed, but it scarcely meets the description of an examination in depth. It provides essential information on such matters as the relationships between patterns of sexual behaviour and socio-economic status or religious affiliation, but contributes relatively little to the exploration of the meaning of such associations or to the discovery of the influences responsible for variations in sexual behaviour. For this reason the present volume, valuable and unique as it is, may prove disappointing to readers interested in the root causes of homosexual and heterosexual orientations.

The research has another limitation, which the authors freely acknowledge. Many people are understandably reluctant to come forward to discuss their intimate sexual experiences, especially if they are of a kind likely to be disapproved or considered deviant. It is virtually impossible, therefore, to assemble a representative sample of all homosexuals for comparison with a representative sample of heterosexuals. In practice the investigators recruited homosexuals from a variety of sources, including homophile groups, occasional contacts, newspaper advertisements, gay baths, gay bars, public "cruising" places and the mailing lists of businesses, clubs and other organizations with a homosexual clientele. Although the sample of homosexuals they recruited was both large and varied, it is not claimed to be representative of more than the kinds of sources used and the kinds of people from such sources who were prepared to volunteer. The heterosexual sample was obtained by quota sampling of randomly selected city blocks, but interviewers had to accept or reject the persons contacted according to whether or not they fulfilled certain criteria, such as age and race, in order to produce a sample reasonably comparable to the homosexuals in demographic characteristics. In view of these sampling problems, the authors lay more stress on the contrasts they found between a sample of homosexuals and the contrasts between heterosexuals and homosexuals in general.

All the persons interviewed were drawn from the San Francisco Bay area. This was convenient, because so many active homosexuals choose to live there and enjoy the facilities available to them in the city, but the location of the study meant that the sample were living in a relatively tolerant social milieu untypical of the United States as a whole. Even so, it emerged that most of those questioned were fairly covert about their homosexuality. Among the sample as a whole (which was made up of 575 white males, 229 white females, 111 black males and 64 black females) a majority asserted that none of their relatives knew about their homosexuality.

Kinsey's earlier results pointed to the prevalence of bisexual conduct, but in this homosexual sample 86 per cent of white males and 76 per cent of white females rated themselves as more or less exclusively homosexual in behaviour (Kinsey categories 5 or 6). A "partial bisexual style" was commoner among the women, more of whom were prepared to engage in heterosexual contacts without truly desiring them. The findings amply confirmed the well-known observation that lesbians are more often sexually faithful to their partners than male homosexuals, and also much less inclined to seek frequent sexual contacts with strangers. Cruising for new sexual partners was a common practice among the males, most of whom said they did so several times a month at least. Cruising mostly took place on the gay baths or bars which abound in San Francisco, relatively little in parks or public toilets. Perhaps if the British police were more tolerant of overtly gay establishments, our statistics of indecency in male conveniences, presently a common category of English sex crime, would diminish accordingly.

Although some of the respondents reported that they had lost jobs or promotion prospects through their homosexuality being discovered, expectations that the homosexual sample would report numerous employment problems were not fulfilled. Homosexuals and heterosexuals gave similar estimates of job satisfaction and, at least among the males, they did not differ in their frequency of job changes. Political activities and attitudes were much the same in the homosexuals as in the heterosexuals, but of course the survey, which was carried out in 1969-70, antedated the rise of the gay activist movement in California. Alienation from religious sexual morality may have accounted for the fact that fewer homosexuals than heterosexuals attended church.

Among the homosexuals a fifth of the males (but rather fewer of white males (but rather fewer as partial impotence or inability black males) and a third of white females (but even more black females) had been married, but most of their marriages were at an end. The commonest reasons given by the males were inadequacy in heterosexual performance and the intrusion of homosexual involvements. Most of the married males reported enjoying sex with their wives, at least initially. This high incidence of failure did not necessarily reflect the outcome of all marriages of homosexuals. The happily married would have been less likely to identify themselves as continuing homosexuals and volunteer for the survey. Nevertheless, exposure to heterosexual experience was clearly no guarantee that homosexual inclinations would recede rather than develop further. Nearly half the married lesbians reported that they realized their homosexual orientation only after marriage.

On estimates of social and psychological adjustment male homosexuals fared rather worse than heterosexuals; more of them felt lonely, depressed or tense, reported worries or psychosomatic symptoms, described suicidal thoughts or attempts or said they had sought psychological treatment. The lesbian and female heterosexuals differed less in these respects. The increased incidence of maladjustment among the homosexual males was limited to the sub-groups which the authors call "dysfunctionals" and "asexuals". The 110 male "asexuals" had no stable sexual partnerships and little inclination for "cruising". Compared with other homosexuals, they reported lower levels of sexual interest, more regrets about their homosexuality, greater need for concealment and more sexual problems, such as insufficient sex appeal or difficulty in finding a partner. The eighty-six men assigned to the "dysfunctional" group also lacked any quasi-marital partnership and often expressed regret about their homosexuality, but they were sexually more active and promiscuous. In spite of this, they often complained of sexual problems, such as partial impotence or inability to retain a lover. They were also none likely than other homosexuals to report having had trouble with the police, having been victimized by robbers or discriminated against at work.

A further 289 males (60 per cent of the classifiable respondents) were assigned to the "close-coupled" (67), "open-coupled" (120) or "functional" (102) groups. The "close-coupled" were living in stable sexual partnerships and rarely sought sex outside. The "open-coupled" did not restrict their sexual contacts to their regular partners. The "functionals" were sexual roamers who were not particularly interested in settling down with one person. They were gregarious and exuberant, enjoyed gay society and were overt and uninhibited in their sexual interests. This perhaps explained their relatively high frequency of arrests for homosexual offences.

Although the three groups taken together were little different from the heterosexual sample in socio-psychological adjustment, the "close-coupled" had the fewest sexual problems and the fewest complaints of unhappiness or depression. The "open-coupled", the largest group among the males, tended to be dissatisfied with their quasi-marital sexual relations and more often felt lonely. In spite of their greater sociability, more of the "functionals" than the "close-coupled" felt tense, lonely or unhappy.

The authors conclude that the minority of homosexuals liable to problems of social adjustment, usually through failure to come to terms with their sexuality, may be relatively large, but certainly have their equivalent among the heterosexual population. Homosexuality is not necessarily linked with social pathology. Coupled homosexuals, male and female, behave much like married heterosexuals. Relatively few men or women conform to the hideous stereotype most people have of the homosexual. In view of the range of life styles and social comportment among homosexuals, legal or administrative decisions affecting individuals should not be taken on grounds of sexual orientation alone. Even without the backing of the survey, few reasonably informed people would have had difficulty endorsing these views.

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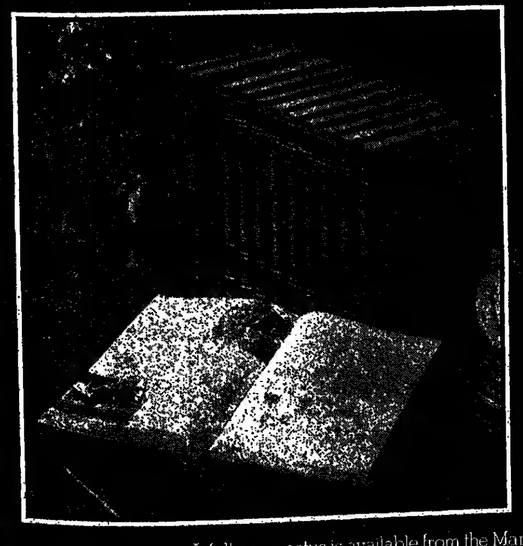

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MULLER

TLS Commentary

Entering the lists

British Library strikes another hammer-blow in unceasing battle against entropy! See them there in the Manuscript Room, with manuscripts (to say nothing of charters, rolls, seals, papyri and ostraca) pouring in by every post, thump on the doormat at nine o'clock every morning. "That 'ull be Add. MS 60416, I reckon, Mr Keeper, zur", while frenzic scribes try unavailingly to keep pace: "The quinquennial series of *Catalogues of Additional Manuscripts* does not yet extend beyond 1946." Temporary expedients are institutionalized: "MSS acquired from 1946 onward are *indexed* on cards, located in three boxes, shelf 2d . . .": that's not the one with the galoshes, that's shelf 2c. 2d's the one in the corner where we used to keep the cocoa. And slip over to Mansfield's and see if they can spare another couple of boxes, the last one's beginning to bulge).

The listings or descriptions of those MSS are "mainly typewritten" says M. A. E. Nickson, whose dramatic battle communiqué, *The British Library: Guide to the Catalogues and Indexes in the Department of Manuscripts* (24pp. British Library), has just been issued, which presumably means that some are exquisately calligraphed in fine letters batardes by one of the cataloguers who is a Roiring freak, while others are hastily scrawled in blunt pencil, leaky ballpoint, or a child's mauve felt tip, the only available writing implement that awful day the Assistant Keeper had flu, the central heating looked, and the Lowestoft Board had to be accessed.

As well as giving the newcomer an invaluable thread through the labyrinthine treasury ("The 'Amalgamated Index' . . . is so extremely useful tool for research. Its limitations, however, need to be understood") and providing more recondite expertise for the advanced student (superseded catalogues on shelves 27d, 28d, may occasionally provide additional information), this catalogue of catalogues is a brief history of the Library's collections, starting with the three foundation collections, Cotton, Harley and Sloane, which were transferred to the Museum in 1753. Cotton (or what was left of it after the fire of Ashburnham House) is grouped into fourteen sections, bearing the names of the twelve Caesars plus Cleopatra and Faustina, a touching reminder of the busts which decorated the presses in which the collection was originally stored. Though these papers were catalogued in 1802, that catalogue, alas, does not include Cotton Appendix XLVI-LXV.

Then there are the special collections, such as the Royal (founded by English sovereigns from Edward IV to George II), King's (collected by George III—subsequent monarchs seem not to be involved), the Ashley collection, formed and catalogued by the unspeakable T. J. Wise, and now being redescribed, no doubt in a more sceptical spirit, and of course the Richard Temple-Nugent-Brydges-Chandos-Grenville, first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos ("You imbecile, you've brought me volume 2 of the Richard Temple-Nugent-Brydges-Chandos-Grenville, first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and I wanted volume 1 of the Richard Temple-Nugent-Brydges-Chandos-Grenville, first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos!") generally nicknamed Stowe.

Newly acquired manuscripts are either put in the Egerton MSS series, if purchased from the proceeds of the £12,000 bequest by the Earl of Bridgewater in 1829, or the bulk of the present holdings—listed as Additional MSS, which now amount to some 80,000. Then there is the collection of plays submitted to the Lord Chamberlain for licensing, which would be an extraordinarily comprehensive series except that plays submitted after 1900 are still in process of being transferred to the Library, while plays submitted from 1737 to 1824 are in the Huntingdon in California. When the Lord Chamberlain's prerogative was abolished in 1968, it was laid down that a copy of every new play produced should go to the Library—there were 680 by the end of 1977.

The *Guide to the Catalogues* moreover lists the indexes of the various non-book materials, such as the Wolley Clasters, the Church Briefs and the Royal Rolls which is located (?garaged) at shelves 3d and 28d. There are, we learn, two main classes of seals—Detached Seals and Original Seals, though this will not be news to anyone who has worked with the Pinnipedia, and had to bear with the tricks and tantrums of the Original Seals—demanding salmon mousse in place of herring, decorating their nurseries with seaweed hangings in contemporary designs, while the Detached Seals look on contemptuously from their lonely rocks, unflappable of flipper.

There are papyri in Greek and Latin (the Egyptian papyri are somewhere else entirely), ostraca (about 4,000 inscribed potsherds, of which only 300 have been published), facsimiles and photocopies deposited under the Export Licensing Regulations, special subject catalogues such as Merkotic's *Manuscripts referring to Crontia in the British Museum* and the frustrating *Catalogue of Romances*—"the fourth volume, which would have contained the index, was never published". There are hints on handling the Amalgamated Index ("Much Hadham co. *Hertf. v.* Hadham, Much"), locations of reference books for perverse inquirers who are prepared to tunnel through endless galleries to consult the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and, for those whom nothing will satisfy, catalogues of other libraries in Budapest, Reykjavik or Mount Athos, where, perhaps, they may find the entry "M.S. MS 1-The Decalogue. 2 leaves (damaged). *Reference only*".

Card games

It is a mercy that Millicent Sowerby, Ida Rentoul Outhwaite, Margaret Tarrant and the others are not around to witness what has become of their world. Gone are the smart red-spotted toadstools, the hollyhock dorms, the dewy haunts of fairyfolk. Where once gauzy wings flittered and shimmered, now re-echo the howls of Miss Piggy on heat. That finger-hoired monster of the small screen has seduced the hearts and minds of children who, fifty years back, might well have had the patience to stomach such concepts as Chloe Preston's "Peek-A-Boo Gardeners".

They came in packs of six, as a rule, from firms like A. Vivian Mansell and W. Faulkner & Co (Pictorial Postcards). Sometimes they were given away as propaganda for Oveltine, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, and other nursery rewards and punishments. Generally, though, they were sold on the strength of their charms: just the thing for slipping inside Christmas presents with lots of love and tons of kisses. They were designed to appeal to infant minds, certainly, but the purchaser would have been grown-up. One can imagine Mrs Bott (of "Bott's Sauce") swooping into Hedley Post Office and commandeering the entire stock for use as invitations to Violet Elizabeth's sixth birthday party.

Soppiness vies with winsomeness in an exhibition of these postcards at the Bethnal Green Museum (until January 21). Hundreds are on show, from Tinkerbells flitting around in Lutyens-style gardens to a set of "Shakespeare's Heroines" c 1920, all of them aspiring to be Gladys Cooper. Tenniel's *Alice* illustrations feature on one set, and John Hassell contributes some bird's-eye views of decidedly seedy pastimes, with ragamuffins creating no end of a stir. But the mood is tranquil. Little Dutch lads and lasses, in unmanageable clogs, play around with tulips and windmills; Arab mites (by Agnes Richardson) frolic by the Nile. Mabel Lucie Attwell (a formidable character in real life and the first to attach her dimpling creations) introduces a slightly cheeky note with a saucy pair of a plump tot peering round a door and lisping "What about a spot of fun When this 'Something' work is done?" Not much chance, not unless Florence K. Upton's Golliwogs can be persuaded to stop fooling with each other. They are far too goody-goody; Invariably hitching rides on butterflies, talking to frogs, lying in wait for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Over at the Imperial War Museum (until January 3) picture postcards from the two world wars are on show. They have been sorted into theme: the dastardly character of the enemy, the good-nature and steadfastness of our lads; the sheer niceness of the Girl Back Home. The iconography of postcards changed considerably between the wars. Flags, Fritz, Tommy ("Ad o Me, Kaiser", he grins, lighting his mild-bombardment pipe) and pneumatic-bosomed charlines were the 1914-18 stand-bys; by 1939 the propaganda machines were into much more sophisticated stuff. The Germans had postcard versions of their favourite leitmotifs: "The Eternal Jew", naturally, and Horst Wessel memorial reminders. The British were a bit slower on the uptake. Lord Haw-Haw in the guise of Donald Duck was almost endearing. But the main object of the images distributed abroad was to convey the idea of Britain's infinite pluck and manpower. The introduction of commercial silkscreening and lithography meant that the pictures were brighter and smarter than ever before. In place of the detailed chalkings of First World War patriotic appeals the Min of Inf produced dashing impressions of strafings and sinkings, decked out in fighting colours.

Occasionally the domain of Mr Rontoul Outhwaite and her associates overlaps with that of the war imagemakers. Hitler rides out in elvish armour: the "Standard Bearer of his race," French cherubs crowd from the egg demanding "Y-a-t'il encore des Boches?" The Russian Revolution inspires cards on the "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" theme, with nursery Bolshies corolling beneath the scarlet banner. Zeppelins bomb Antwerp with consummate grace, like Maud Goodman's goblin creatures flitting over the Land of Nod. Indeed, common to all picture postcards of both schools, infant and adult, is the assumption that, come what may, good will triumph, the sun will shine and the message written on the back endorse what the artist has to say.

Sir Frank Dicksee, painted for Wolfgang Gilbey in 1875 by Derek Hill, whose portraits are on show at Marlborough Fine Art, 6 Albemarle Street, London W1, until January 6. Sir Isaiah contributes an introduction to the catalogue (sold in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund) in which he writes of his own portrait: "I can only say that it seems to me to enhance reality in the manner recommended by French philosophers of art in the eighteenth century, by slightly, but definitely, not constantly falling short of it. Derek Hill began his career as a theatre designer; he spent five years in the Villino et I Tatti of Berenson's invitation, has been art director of the British School at Rome, travelled with Freya Stark, and in recent years has spent most of his time in co-Donegal, the inspiration for many of his landscape paintings. His subjects at the Marlborough include Barnard Berenson, Percy Lubbock, John Murray, Sir Robert Lancaster, Sir John Betjeman, Sir Alan Hodgkin, Bridget Childers, Lord Clark and Lord Longford. There is an unsuasting Prince Charles, and two scarlet-robed prelates of the church: the late Dr John Charles McQuaid, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and Cardinal Heard.

T·L·S Children's books

The struggle with cruelty

By Tom Shippey

MAGAR SALE:
Fairy Tales and After
From Snow White to E. B. White
Harvard University Press. £7.70.

Rule One for children's books is: Don't preach. Rule Two is: Don't be cute. All can be subsumed in the general advice not to write for children while throwing knowing glances over their heads at the grown-ups behind. It must be remembered that children are neither the sentimentalized adults of eighteenth-century portraits nor the potential rebels the Victorians feared, but personalities in their own right with a natural claim on autonomy.

These are the accepted verdicts of the age, and they have generated an accepted story-ranking, with "traditional" fairy tales near the top (as not being designed for child audiences at all) and people like Hans Andersen sinking towards the bottom for their evident involvement with satire and morality. Roger Sale's book reproduces faithfully both the advice and the rankings, but does it with such pondermuness as to make you think that there's a lot to be said, after all, for *Eric, or Little by Little*.

Nerves are rasped raw within the first few pages, as A. A. Milne's Winnie-the-Pooh stories receive a monstrous spanking for their promotion of snobbery and imperialist values. Did you realized that the forest, far from being a Utopia, is actually a place in which dominance hierarchies are continually set up and reinforced? Christopher Robin controls it only because he knows words like "expedition" and Pooh does not, while beneath his autocratic sufficience characters like Eeyore and Owl and Piglet struggle continually to be "one-up", to avoid the ploys of that "nonfunctioi" Rabbit. Hold one is tempted to remark, there's nothing nice about *Rabbit*. And while to do so would be to evade a truth—that part of the charm of Pooh Corner is that in it Christopher Robin is master, in a way he could not be in real life—such dismissiveness would also smelch a falsehood. For Professor Sale's thesis ignores the fact that the animals do not mind, indeed, they love each other the more for their common oscillations between ambition and performance; and a "Well done" from Christopher Robin, deserved or not, will always reclaim Piglet from any spiritual Heffalump Trap, whether the critic likes it or not. Maybe this exploitation of emotional superiority does rest, as Professor Sale says, on "fraudulent and shallow snobbery", but then his opulous rasts (and our very far down either) on the postulate that all men-children-and-animals are equal, which takes a lot of swallowing.

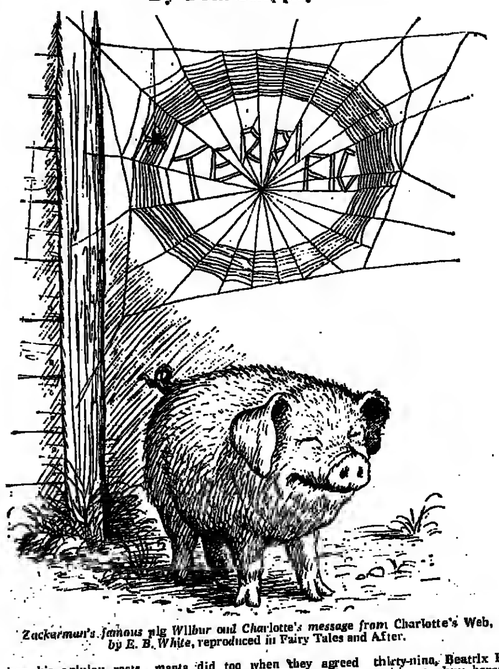
Indeed it's easy to say that this represents only a new variety of the "historical provincialism" which the author is happy to castigate in other times and places; and that what he is doing is practising the classic American trick of hurling effete European vice out of the window and then lugging it back through the door, wearing a coonskin cap and called Revelation. So, it's very wrong to preach—if you preach the wrong lesson. That's what Hans Andersen did when he implied that Little Mermaids don't have souls while insensitive princes do, and that's what the Grimms' peasant informants did too when they agreed that Rumpelstiltzkin had to lose. But if Dr Seuss, for instance, writes a fable to prove that little boys can stand up to angry kings, or Walter B. Brooks one to show that a cow-laugh will always beat pretension, well, that's not propaganda, that's just "precise and wonderful", "think so still". I seem to remember Mephistopheles saying, "all experience change thy mind".

The real trouble that Professor Sale faces is that he is a well-brought-up American, while most of the authors he has to cope with—Milne, Grahame, Beatrix Potter, Lewis Carroll, Kipling, etc—are in the first place English, and in the second often pretty hard cases. Kenneth Grahame was Secretary of the Bank of England at thirty-nine, Beatrix Potter used her writing to buy herself sheep-farms in the Lake District, and Kipling of course would have lived and quite likely soon died as a journalist in Lahore if he hadn't hauled himself out by his own bootstraps. Few of them would have had much sympathy with the overt discarding of didacticism, or with the surreptitious returning of a brainwashed form of it. All would have been appalled by the reverent genuflections to the post-hippie culture.

For all his *contretemps* with Rabbit, Professor Sale tells us that he finds it hard to read the last words of *The House at Pooh Corner* "without beginning to cry"; elsewhere he adjures the critic to remain "still and wondering"; beside the end of a Grimm's *Hausmärchen*, he says, Wordsworth's "And he never lifted up a single stone" (sic) seems "practically sweaty". But the purity of response which these confessions are supposed to authenticate seems at worst forced, at best an overmastering desire to soar above the world and disappear into an "I I altitude". Of all people, children's authors and their critics can afford to do that least.

The struggle with cruelty is then a connecting thread in this book. Professor Sale is in favour of realism, naturally, even hard realism. But he can find no place for Mr Badger, whose response to trouble is to knock it down ("But we don't want to teach 'em.... We want to learn 'em—learn 'em, learn 'em!"); and in his sympathy for Tom Kitten's mischievousness (that Goil-gives right of all American boys) he misses the intense delight caused both by Tom's near approach to being a kitten dumpling roly-poly pudding for the rats, and by his sisters' eventual business-like role in life as rat-catchers by contract. No pictures in *The Tale of Benjamin Bunny* are so charming (for children) as the ones where Mr Bunny first chases off the cat and then methodically whacks his son and nephew! *They* are knocked down "So am not I", says some nasty but prominent part of human psychology. Of course it might be just an aberrant element in specifically English conditioning which makes Beatrix Potter and the brutal Slippery children agree. But then why should English authors turn out to be classics for American critics? Professor Sale tries to recoup with final chapters on *The Wizard of Oz*, Walter R. Brooks and E. B. White, but they seem unlikely to start a craze.

So, the puzzles remain. How does art grow out of the bitter sadness of lives like Rudyard Kipling's? How could tart and imperious ladies like Beatrix Potter, or perverse and querulous dons like Lewis Carroll, establish instant sympathy with nice people's nice children? Why is fun so uncivilized? These are good questions, they arise with particular force from the juxtapositions that Professor Sale contrives, one would like to know the answers and might expect to get them from literary criticism. Unfortunately the first step towards finding them will almost certainly have to be a discording of genteel illusions, and post-Vietnam America looks even more susceptible to these than Dreadnought-era England. "All one needs, one also has", smiles Dr Seuss "Accept whatever happens to happen and one will always get back alive and whole", moralizes Professor Sale. Such adages belong not to Utopia but to Noddyland.



Zackermann's famous pig Wilbur and Charlotte's message from Charlotte's Web, by E. B. White, reproduced in Fairy Tales and After.

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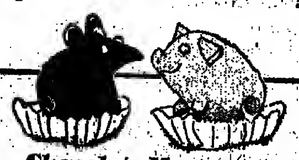

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BETTE GREENE :
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(241 100488)

PATRICIA MILES :
A Disturbing Influence
Hamish Hamilton. £3.75.
(241 100224)

The interest in these three new novels by acknowledged writers lies in the secondary world the reader is invited to enter. Catherine Storr, whose representation of the hinterland of children's thought and feelings is best remembered in *Marianne Dreams*, offers a dark idyll in an elegant white house where a group of undergraduates go to read during an early spring holiday. Withdrawn from the world, at the mercy of their shifting sexual feelings and relationships, they work out their salvation with such diligence as is in them by facing fear, anger, grief, love and thoughts of death. The general atmosphere is distracting and claustrophobic. The house is bitterly cold—a kind of Forest of Arden in winter. The reader is unprepared for the host's unexplained paranoic alienation. The climax comes after a growing sense of menace, but every action in the story seems to be controlled from the outside, especially the final moves that avert disaster. There is a hint of mystic symbolism, but nothing carries much conviction because the characters lack depth. They rarely show the true friendship that is the blessing as well as the bane of this uncertain time in the lives of the young.

In Bette Greene's earlier novel, *Summer of my German Soldier*, the reader endured with Patty Bergen the stifling cruelty of an Arkansas small-town witch-hunt when she helped Anton, a prisoner of war, to escape. In this story she chases Anton's ghost back to Germany where she hopes to find ideal adults who could love her for herself, as Anton did before he was shot. The trip is a disaster. But Roger, the Parisian hero, brings Patty to an acceptance of herself.

Party is a richly complicated character, but her creator, in taking her away from the situation that gave her depth and credibility, thins her down in an American's view of Paris. The European context is to be the "vaster and more varied" world that Anton presented to Patty as an ideal. The scene is clouded by Patty's misassions. Ruth, the wise Negro servant, has to be left behind, and Roger, with little scope for development of a personality of his own, has to bear the burden of Patty's self-realisation. Only the tone of the telling, a kind of scouring of the consciousness mixed with Jewish humour, is continued from the first book.

Like all the other chief characters, Andrew Giffard in *A Disturbing Influence* is sensitive and gentle. Like them he is at the mercy when ideals cross with the real world, in this case the tower-block New Town on the other side of the motorway from Andrew's family home. Andrew's parents are the vaguely liberal middle-class that stretches its tolerance to include pop festivals but insists on standards. The disturbing influence is Anita-next-door, and then a creamier girl who turns out to be her sister. Anita's family is stereotyped; feckless, trafficking in forged banknotes and pop-group glamour. The story has a well-heeled plot but the self-examination is there too. The prose lifts it right out of the ordinary. The shifting kaleidoscope of the hero's thought, his ability to be fair and honest with himself even when he needs, but wants to escape from, the comforting support of his elders, all give this novel a rare clarity, while at the same time suggesting the ambivalences and ambiguities that complicate the thought processes, especially of the gifted.

Each of these books has more than one theme; but for the most part, the characters are in flight, not from poverty or evil or degradation, nor yet towards a life creative handiwork or action, but only from the adults who begat them. For Andrew and the students in the white house the flight is temporary; for Patty final. Yet nothing beckons from the adult world to tempt them into it or to suggest that their need not be entirely abandoned. Perhaps the next move in the novel for adolescents is to give the adults another chance.

Margaret Meek

No easy answers

BERNARD ASHLEY :
A Kind of Wild Justice
Oxford University Press. £2.95.
(271417 1)

JOAN LINGARD :
The Gooseberry
Hamish Hamilton. £3.75.
(241 10023 2)

A Kind of Wild Justice borrows its title from Francis Bacon's essay on revenge. That is what the book is about: Ronnie Webster's revenge on the world for what it has done to him: "His rotten mum. His stupid dad. The violent Brodshows. The school. Kingsland. They'd all done bloody marvels for him, between the lot of them, hadn't they? There wasn't one of them he could trust." The book is pretty convincing evidence for those of us (not just soft-hearted social workers) who believe that kids get into trouble not because of original sin but because of what has been done to them and left undone.

Ronnie has nothing going for him. For a start, he can't read; and this is crucial to the story. His father uses him as cover (dad taking his son to the football match) in a smash and grab raid. His mother plants one of his easily identifiable word cards in the getaway car in order to get his dad put away so she can go off with the man she fancies, one of the Bradshaws, a Kray-like pair, who actually engineered the raid in the first place and have many other nasty plans up their sleeves, including an illegal immigration racket.

Caught up in the whole nasty mess is the one other child character in the book, Manjit Mirza, a Sikh girl who shares Ronnie's remedial reading lessons. For the girl there are, realistically, no easy, happy answers. For Ronnie, the ending is hopeful. He finds someone he can trust (Charlie Whitelaw, the driver of the school-coach) and the strength and wit to do "something real, in the real world". To save Charlie, he shops the Bradshaws, and many people in the East End sleep easier at nights.

It is a good story, complex but not difficult to follow, and surprisingly convincing most of the time, except perhaps for the language. Not even Bernard Ashley can convey the stream of consciousness that flows through the head of an inarticulate and illiterate kid like Ronnie. Still, it will do, and many children from quite different backgrounds will feel a scab of sympathy and identification with Ronnie.

Joan Lingard is still probably best known for her Belfast books, but *The Gooseberry*, like many of her recent stories, is set in Scotland. The Gooseberry is Ellen Ferguson, a determined, resourceful girl who, five foot eleven at fourteen, often finds herself on the edge of other people's romances. The crucial romance is her own mother's. Ellen's attempts to prevent her mother's remarriage and their removal to the suburbs are both funny and painful. Joan Lingard is always worth reading.

Ann Thwaite

Three new books about *The Jackson Family* to add to this colourful and witty child's-eye view of family life. Jenny and Steve Jackson tell us now about Everyday Life, Our Home, and Uncle George and Auntie Mary.

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Ingredients of excitement

JOHN GORDON :
The Waterfall Box
Kestrel Books. £3.25. (7226 5490 1)

MARJORIE DARKE :
A Long Way to Go
Kestrel Books. £3.50. (7226 5485 1)

John Gordon's new book, *The Waterfall Box*, has the ingredients of excitement: in a village isolated by a canal and a wall of houses, a mysterious antique dealer schemes to get hold of a casket and a flask which have been passed down from Silas Waterfall, a potter and alchemist. The book also has the trappings of subtlety: Bran, whose mother owns the casket, goes to live with his girl-cousin, Sandy, whose mother owns the flask, and John Gordon charts the progress of their adolescent relationship.

The strangle story of the casket and flask is intended to complement the theme of this developing relationship. In practice, however, the two elements of the book act against each other. The fate of the alchemist's enigmatic legacy is almost totally subordinate to the interaction of the characters. The violent implications of the mystery undercut the more prosaic teenage romance. It is hard, for example, to be patient with the long accounts of Bran's reactions to Sandy's sexual teasing when his grief for his parents—who are killed a quarter of the way through the book—merits only half a page of description. The final effect is one of insubstantiality, of a sketch for a powerful book with neither the incidents nor the characters to flesh it out.

A Long Way To Go, by Marjorie Darke, on the other hand, is crammed with incidents and characters. Luke, a coloured boy from Poplar, is a conscientious objector who faces the problem of conscription in the First World War. Bella, his twin sister, is full of patriotic enthusiasm and works in a munitions factory. Around these two move a host of characters, from Poplar to the trenches, bringing the war and its difficulties in vigorous, immediate life.

The book's faults, like its virtues, are those of exuberance. Side issues—the colour problem, women's suffrage—are brought in because of a curious authorial indulgence: Luke and Bella are the descendants of Midnight and Jess in *The First of Midnight*, and Bella's friend at the munitions factory is Emily Palmer from *A Question of Courage*. These links with the author's earlier books are fun, but they tend to blur the main theme of the book. The quandaries of war are so strongly expressed that the Armistice at the end provides only a facile solution. Nevertheless the book is illuminated and enlivened by Marjorie Darke's two great gifts: for spirited narrative and for evoking the rich texture of post life as it was lived by ordinary people.

Gillian Cross

Enigmatic journey

LEON GARFIELD :
The Confidence Man
Kestrel Books. £3.95. (7226 5407 3)

Obscurity for its own sake is fortunately very rare in children's literature, but to be unwittingly obscure is still reprehensible, and too often a passes without comment: no adult reader cares to admit that he cannot understand a book written for people half his age, particularly if the author is respected and admired, as Leon Garfield most certainly is.

His latest novel, *The Confidence Man*, is an allegory which, after two careful readings, I still understood only in part. It tells of the journey of a group of eighteenth-century German Protestants from persecution at home to freedom in America, and at a much deeper level it tells of the journey of a boy's soul. The boy is Hans Ruppert, fourteen-year-old shoemaker's son from a street inhabited entirely by small tradesmen—a Protestant ghetto in an aggressively Catholic town. The story begins in vintage Garfield style with the decapitation of a German soldier. Though the Ruppertsknow it to have been an accident, this gruesome death is fuel to the Catholic fire. Reprisals are inevitable: Protestant homes are burnt and it becomes necessary to escape.

Into this scene of crisis comes Captain von Stumpfel, the mysterious black hussar. It is he who persuades the whole street to undertake the formidable flight to Virginia, where he promises them peace and freedom to build a new life. It is on his identity that the entire story must hinge. Is he God or the Devil; sublime or confidence man; swindler or Gentleman of Death? Clues are thrown out in quick and crazy succession. The evidence mounts up in a manner which would confuse a High Court judge. Blandly the blurb asserts that "all is finally explained". To me it is not, nor, I suspect, will the average fourteen-year-old reader easily solve the book's central enigma.

The actual account of the long journey does not compensate for the elusiveness of its underlying truth. The narrative is often tortuous, there are too many minor characters and Garfield's exuberant Dickensian style is inhibited by the device of letting author and hero take turn and turn about as storyteller. Despite its faults, however, this is a significant and rewarding book, the more so because of the demands it makes on its reader.

Ann Evans

BOOKS FOR ALL AGES

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Free associations

AIDAN CHAMBERS :
Breaktime
Bodley Head. £3.25. (370 30122 6)

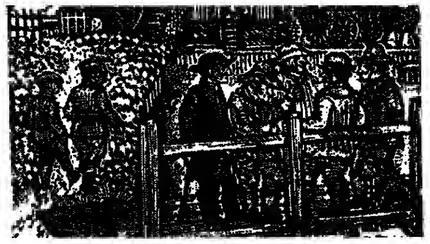
M. E. KERR :
Gentlehands
Bodley Head. £2.95. (370 30138 2)

The number of experimental novels in children's literature is not large, probably because young readers, even more than old ones, quickly get impatient when familiar signposts are taken away and the going looks like getting tough. An Alan Garner can manage to get away with some daring short-cuts in his later novels through the exceptional clarity and appeal of his prose, but most other children's writers take on literary innovation at their peril. Aidan Chambers's novel for "new adults" is made up of letters, free associations and extracts from a diary, and concerns a boy who sets out from home to Ibiza with a very idealised girl-friend. The basic plot is not a bad one, and there are moments of real emotion; for example, a letter from the boy's father is reproduced as if in its original handwriting—a device that here works very well. But otherwise characters are unrealized, described in language that is facetious rather than funny, selfconscious instead of eloquent, and when it tries to be erotic only managing to seem doggedly salacious.

By contrast, M. E. Kerr's *Gentlehands* is very readable, and takes on the theme of a down-town boy making a rich American girl. Yet just as everything seems set fair for a pleasant little trip into an ocean of wish-fulfilment, laced with occasional surface realism, the story unaccountably decides to sink itself. The chief culprit is a totally unconvincing grandfather, who turns out to be an even more unbelievable former concentration camp guard; a medial and pretentious note on which to end an otherwise unexceptionable piece of writing.

Nicholas Tucker

Oxford's Christmas Choice



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Planetary parables

JAN MARK:
The Ennead
Kestrel Books. £3.50. (7226 5477 4)

Jan Mark's new novel is as unlike her prize-winning *Thunder and Lightning* and *Under the Autumn Garden* as Earth is unlike Moon. Yet there is something about the trio of central characters that resembles the outsiders in the earlier novels; and something familiar, too, about the way love finds uncharted paths in order to express itself and change the human pattern. But whereas Jan Mark's first two novels were stories set in modern times for children, *The Ennead* is a parable for the future.

Erato is an island off the planet Enterpe, one of the nine planets (Ennead) in the solar system of Mnemosyne. Erato is made of stone, and so it come miners from Enterpe, itself the repository for colonists from Earth who "fight to the death for the means to live". Society on Erato is corrupt, parasitic, heartless and orderly.

So when the malformed young Isaac, servant to Theodore (is Theodore his half-brother?) imports a sculptor, Eleanor, from Enterpe into Theodore's household, not only must she work, she must also conform—for her own sake, as well as for Isaac's. Conformity means dressing like a woman (Eleanor habitually wears shirt, trousers and boots), going to the Erato pseudo-Church on the tenth day, and making no loving relationships with anyone. On Erato deceit and graft rule—like creeping ivy. But Eleanor is a craftsman. Her skill comes not only from the head but from the heart. Moshe, a rich man's gardener, also remembers loving and can make the stony desert alive with grass and flowers (from illegally imported seed). The gardener and the sculptor are drawn to one another in tenderness. Isaac, who wishes to preserve Eleanor and who is jealous of Moshe, finds himself gradually enmeshed into the alien emotions of kindness, selfless courage, even love, which Moshe and Eleanor fall foul of the system—which has ample means for destroying them and Isaac.

The intellectual reader will doubtless pick up Greek and Biblical references, will ponder on the origin of Erato's people and consider, if he is so inclined, the social and political implications of this new world in the form so distant future in outer space. But he will also surely be moved to tears by the fate of the lovers, especially that of the hearded patient Moshe, hounded even from stony Erato.

The Ennead is an extraordinary novel; science fiction, romance, satire, it has power, glory and, by contrast, shafts of dazzling light thrown onto the banalities of the human condition. A demanding book for the thoughtful reader.

Elaine Moss

Designs from the past

JANE CURRY:
The Birdstones
Kestrel Books. £2.95. (7226 5345 X)

The Bossamyte Treasure
Kestrel Books, £2.95. (7226 5437 5)

The Birdstones continues Jane Curry's attempt to evoke an ancient American past, transporting pre-Columbian pursuers and pursued into the modern West Virginian town of Apple Lock. To anyone who has not read *The Doubtbreakers*, the large—and cursorily introduced—cast may bewilder. But just as the book is about to disappear completely behind an unusually impenetrable hedge of American slang and school jargon, twin plots emerge—and when we are not watching Ms Curry work them out, good plots they are. Her to return Dylan and the others to the sub-Tolkien-speaking past civilization of Abalon is a problem which becomes mixed up with the schoolgirls' creation of a fictitious classmate, and in the background, casual details bring the town and the school to life. Yet we have chapter headings like "The Plot Thickens", an abundance of "he froze in his tracks", unorigin-ality, and, worse, a somewhat disingenuous fumbling at key points in the plot.

With *The Bossamyte Treasure*, we again have a workmanlike book, this time speculating on English history. Roxleton House is threatened with sale (to an Arab millionaire; this being 1978) and Tommy, arrived from America bearing the family riddle, passed down from Mary Stuart's time, sets out to save the day. And an off through pins and mazes, secret rooms, windfolls, decent adults, whimsical views, and touches of *Tom's Midnight Garden*. Jane Curry just—but only just—avoids the touristy; it is almost as if she had found a charming Gloucestershire house, with charming people, and charming plot-ends lying around, and this is the result. If all this sounds condemnatory, let it not be thought that this book (and *The Birdstones*) is not energetic and interesting and, on occasion, gripping. It is merely that well-meaning recycling of material cannot earn a wholehearted recommendation.

Peter Hunt

Space-trail

SAM McBRATNEY:
The Final Correction
Abelard £3.25. (200 72567 X)

ROBERT SILVERBERG:
The Gate of Worlds
Gollancz £3.75. (575 02499 2)

Both these books attempt to shed light upon the present through a consideration of the future but with differing degrees of seriousness. McBratney's *The Final Correction* is traditional "sci-fi" with alien planets and gadgetry. It is also complex and thought-provoking, releasing seemingly random pieces of a jigsaw which opens two thousand years. The novel traces the efforts of Aiklin to discover his origins after he frees himself from the stifling control of the machine Motherperson. The entire future of the family of Man on planet Alanto depends on Aiklin's success in rediscovering his natural human instincts.

The Gate Of Worlds is almost dilettante by comparison. Rarely it hardly matters that Robert Silverberg posits a twentieth-century world in which Europe is just emerging from six centuries of Turkish domination. The other possible futures are never fully developed and their full potential is merely acknowledged. The novel's appeal lies in its picaresque nature with the focus upon the eighteen-year-old hero. Understatement and an appealing self mockery all help make the young Englishman tolerable as he slugs and knifes his way from one ill-conceived scheme to the next; ending up wiser, perhaps, but happily no wealthier.

David Burns

Sewer power

COLIN McLAREN:
Ruttus Rex
Rex Collings. £3.95. (86036 074 1)

THOMAS KENEALLY:
Ned Kelly and the City of the Bees
Jonathan Cape. £3.50. (224 01860 5)

The setting for Colin McLaren's *Ruttus Rex* is mid-nineteenth-century London, the squalid, festering city described by Mayhew and Dickens. The civil authorities are puzzled by a growing incidence of mysterious disasters: unexplained fires, baggage vanishing from the streets, babies lost from perambulators, and corpses taken from new graves. The police are anxious to put the blame on Chartists, Fenians and garrotters, but journalist John Rimmer and his sixteen-year-old amanuensis, Matthew Mark, eventually trace the source of these events to the maze of sewers and denins beneath the city and discover that giant rats, disturbed by a recent earthquake, are attacking the citizens of London. As the marine menace grows, so do official attempts to destroy it. But bands of armed soldiers and dragooned convicts fail to eradicate the monstrous pestilence and, in the end, all the scientific ingenuity of the age is needed to banish the rats once and for all.

This story of the struggle against the rats is told by Matthew and it is, as his benefactor suggests, "a rattling good yarn". But *Ruttus Rex* is more than an original historical novel. Colin McLaren has set his story against a vivid and authentic background, and peopled it with a splendid gallery of characters, both imagined and real. Although the story is amusing, nervous readers should be warned that the book is littered with detailed descriptions of violent death. And it is this aspect of *Ruttus Rex* that prevents it from being a complete success: comedy and horror keep uneasy company in the book, and the reader is never quite sure whether he is being asked to laugh at or cry over the carnage created by the rats and by the bungling humour attempts to defeat them. All the same, *Ruttus Rex* remains an unusual and fascinating creation.

The creatures who populate *Ned Kelly and the City of the Bees* are in some lot compared with Colin McLaren's rats, but the book itself is more in tune with the accepted tone of children's fantasy. Young Ned Kelly (no relation to the celebrated bushranger) is in hospital with appendicitis and dreams (or does he?) that he shrinks and is carried away by an airship bee to her home in a hive. There he finds a small girl called Nancy Clancy, who has lived with the bees for 120 years, and learns from her and the friendly bees all about life in the hive. By the time he returns to his hospital bed, Ned has witnessed at first-hand the daily life of bees and has seen, too, the unpleasant side of their existence: attacks by wasps, the nasty hotchpot queen killing her sisters, the banishment of the drones in autumn. But the humour of the dialogue ensures that the story never becomes just another animated lesson in natural history.

Lance Salway

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In his widely acclaimed first novel, *The Adventures of Long John Silver*, Denis Judd provided an ingenious and swashbuckling prelude to Robert Louis Stevenson's classic *Treasure Island*. But what happened after Long John quit *The Hispaniola* on the homeward run? Was it likely that he would leave the remaining bar silver and the previous arms to lie where Flint had buried them on Treasure Island? RETURN TO TREASURE ISLAND, a full-blooded re-creation of a violent and passionate age supplies the answers and Long John Silver, as ruthless and sharp-witted as ever, is there at its centre.
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Looking and learning

By Julia Briggs

Nothing is more evocative of Christmas morning than a big picture book unwrapped in shiny paper. The Orlanda and Babar books of my childhood were so large that they never fitted on the shelf, and the double-spread of Celesteville positively invited a small person to step inside. Nowadays books are uniformly smaller, but the best of them still invite participation of one kind or another. John Burningham in *Would you rather . . .* has had the inspired notion of turning the sort of unlikely alternatives one hears proposed in the playground—"Would you rather . . . your dad did a dance at school or your mum had a row in a café?"—and bringing them to life through his stylish, yet fascinatingly detailed and informative drawings. He has perfectly judged his audience's tastes, and the result is wholly delightful, a book not to be read so much as discussed—you have to go through it several times at a sitting so that all the possible permutations ("... help an imp be naughty or a witch make a stew . . .?") can be savoured. Like all really good books, it is imbued with a simple delight in living and imagining.

Unforced freedom of imagination is also manifest in Mr and Mrs Smith's *The Long Drive*, which relates, with the minimum of words and the maximum of pictures, the adventures of three soft toys who tumble into the sea, fall down the continental shelf, see shoals of fishes, seahorses, marmalade, an octopus and, oddly, fry fish fingers on the sea bed. The intense colours persuasively convey a sense of depth and the book has a real integrity and originality of vision.

Too much attention paid in the young consumers can weaken inspiration, producing dull hybrids full of trendy gestures. Three new books about Eric the *Wild Car* rely on the assumption that children love furry toys and anthropomorphized cars—Eric is both—while their parents look for "responsible" attitudes to public issues, so Eric replaces petrol with public transport and rescues fish from oil-polluted waters. I prefer the traditional animal fantasy of Jan Wahl's *Doctor Rabbit's Foundling* in which an abandoned bodpole grows into a hyperactive foogling and ultimately hops away into the night. Charming pictures, only slightly sentimental, enforce the final suggestion that loss may be the price we pay for love, a truism closer to experience than any number of animated cars can anybody.

Neither a story nor a picture book, Brian Wildsmith's *What the Moon Saw* is a little disappointing. A series of contrasting images are intended to encourage discrimination between different characteristics, yet the didactic purpose is too obvious, and I miss the zany comedy of *Python's Parrot*, for example. But no one else could have drawn the pictures of darkness on the last page.

Several new books refurbish old stories or verses. Tony Ross has updated *Little Red Riding Hood* with rather too many snarks at the adult reader over his shoulder; bikes and trousies only seem to make grandma's miraculous emergence from the wolf that much less plausible. Hardly changed at all except for the excision of racial overtones are the *Ten Little Bad Boys* who all come in different sticky ends, including—topically?—marriage. Rodney Peppé has drawn them in line and colour that seem a little flat and muddy by the standards of his own best work. Owen Wood has decorated a sumptuous edition of *The Owl and the Pussy-Cat* in which the characters are hedged in by beautifully drawn flowers and insects, and "ribbons and bibbons on every side". Crowded as a Victorian parlour, these elaborate confections contrast sharply with Lear's own spare and scrawly line drawings, and their richness may appeal more readily to adult stomachs. Finally Stanley Holloway's unforgettable recitation, *The Lion and Albert*, has been reprinted in the style of a snapshot album. The pictures are unimpaired, but the verses are still blackly hilarious.

One of David Anstey's striking illustrations for Before the Harvest Came *by David Skillin (Cassell. £2.95. 304 30213 9).*

The relative importance of the pictures often tempts publishers to bring over picture books from abroad; inevitably some of these are not worth the effort, and occasionally there may be more difficulties than immediately meet the eye. Ezra Jack Keats's *The Trip*, otherwise most engaging, exemplifies one such problem in making the Atlantic crossing. Lonely Louie finds solace in an imaginary trip through a shoebox scene he has made, until his friends arrive to play "trick or treat", the hallowe'en ritual familiar to small Americans and fans of *Peanuts*, but not yet naturalized over here. More obvious translation problems beset Tove Jansson's *The Dangerous Journey*, the story of Susanna's dream-like journey with Snuffkin and the Hemulen, by balloon, through snow and past the Groke to that archetypal happy valley inhabited by Moomins. It was probably a mistake to attempt to tell the story in an oddly top-heavy stanza that results in several metrical and syntactic awkwardnesses, while the verbal idiosyncracies of Bub were more satisfactorily resolved into spoonerisms in Elizabeth Portch's translations. But nothing can spoil the exuberant, atmospheric paintings that ramble us of Tove Jansson's exceptional skills as an artist, as well as author.

Remarkable in both these fields is the young American William Pène du Bois, whose *The Forbidden Forest* is as delightful to look at as it is amusing to read. A lightweight boxer, a kangaroo called Lady Adelaide who sports a motor veil and a bulldog bring the Great War to an end by accidentally setting off a shell that, after wreaking havoc on a number of intervening objects, finally strikes a huge German ammunition dump. Meanwhile Lady Adelaide faces a German firing squad. . . . The elaborately constructed and controlled farce is masterfully handled and the setting is treated with a kind of nostalgic comedy, such as one might encounter in the cinema. This is an endearing and highly original book. To end on a seasonal note, Astrid Lindgren in *Lotta's Christmas Surprise* shows her usual humorous insight into the feelings of young children; it is pleasantly told and cheerfully illustrated.

JOHN BURNINGHAM: *Would you rather*. Jonathan Cape. £3.50. (224 01635 0)

MR AND MRS SMITH: *The Long Drive*. Jonathan Cape. £2.95. (224 01614 8)

JOHN SHERIDAN: *Eric the Wild Car* (85685 513 8). *Eric and the Lost Planes* (85685 529 4). *Eric and the Mad Inventor* (85685 527 8). Woodpecker Books.

JAN WAHL: *Dr Rabbit's Foundling*. World's Work. £2.90. (437 84180 4)

BRIAN WILDSMITH: *What the Moon Saw*. Oxford University Press. £3.95. (19 279724 7)

TONY ROSS: *Little Red Riding Hood*. Andersen Press. £2.50. (905478 37 1)

RODNEY PEPPÉ: *Ten Little Bad Boys*. Kestrel, £2.95. (7226 5431 6)

EDWARD LEAR: *The Owl and the Pussy-Cat and Other Nonsense*. Andre Deutsch. £3.50. (233 97018 5)

MARIOT EDGAR: *The Lion and Albert*. Methuen. £3.95. (416 58450 0)

EZRA JACK KEATS: *The Trip*. Hamish Hamilton. £3.25. (241 10035 6)

TOVE JANSSON: *The Dangerous Journey*. Ernest Benn. £2.95. (510 00038 X)

WILLIAM PÈNE DU BOIS: *The Forbidden Forest*. Chatto and Windus. £2.95. (7011 2396 6)

ASTRID LINDGREN: *Lotta's Christmas Surprise*. Methuen. £2.95. (416 866 905)

Rhymes without reason

PEGGY BLAKELY:
The Great Big Book of Nursery Rhymes
A. and C. Black. £4.95. (0136 1644 X)

MARGARET TARRANT:
Nursery Rhymes
Ward Lock. £3.95. (0063 5770 1)

CHARLES FOLKARD:
The Land of Nursery Rhyme
Dent. £2.95. (460 06872 5)

CYNTHIA MITCHELL:
Halloween Hecates and Other Rhymes to Skip to
Heinemann. £2.50. (434 95140 4)

ELISABETH FAIRHOLME and PAMELA POWELL:
The Seals of Park Lane Seek a Home for Elaine
Shearwater Press. £1.30. (904980 21 9)

The success of a book of nursery rhymes depends heavily on its pictures. The rhymes are strange, and often obscure (why else are they so intriguing?) and the pictures must help to bring them to life and give them meaning without pre-empting the imaginative pleasure of the listener. Frank Paindle's illustrations to Peggy Blakely's collection achieve this. The book is very simple, with one full-page picture to each rhyme, and this seems to give children pleasure in itself. It is this closest challenger I have seen to Raymond Briggs's Mother Goose, though it aims at simplicity rather than comprehensiveness.

Given this modern success, why would anyone want to reprint much older collections? Margaret Tarrant's pictures are pleasant and nostalgic, but this is a book you would probably rather find in your grandmother's attic than buy for a three-year-old today. And Betsy's reprinting of the collection illustrated by Charles Folkard equally is not one I would choose instead of either of the modern ones mentioned. It does, however, include many unfamiliar rhymes, and it might be a good additional source for connoisseurs.

Eileen Browne's pictures for *Halloween Hecates* are wonderful. This is a book of rhymes to skip to. Many of them work better as poems than as jingles to move to, which shows that it is very difficult to write a contribution to a traditionally oral enterprise, but skippers will be pleased to be taken seriously. The pictures, women's movement please note, show at least as many boys skipping as they do girls.

The Seals of Park Lane, which is also in verse though not printed as though it were, is probably for grown-up children. A seal is enabled by a human benefactor to present her daughter at court; she is a wild success. But the daughter wooed by dukes and emulated by countesses, ends up by eloping with one of her old friends off Westminster Bridge. There are pleasing, simple pictures of debutante seals and seal-like chaperones.

Ruth Hawthorn

Sound pretexts

STELLA FARRIS:
The Magic Bubble Pipe
Chatto and Windus. £1.50. (7011 2341 9)

STELLA FARRIS:
The Magic Castle
Chatto and Windus. £1.50. (7011 2348 9)

SANDY RABINOWITZ:
What's Happening to Daisy?
Harper and Row. £3.95. (06 024834 3)

ALICE GOYDER:
Party in Catland (7011 2349 4).
Holiday in Catland (7011 2348 6).
Christmas in Catland (7011 2347 8).
Chatto and Windus. 99p.

ALICE and MARTIN PROVENSEN:
A Peaceable Kingdom
Kestrel. £2.95. (7226 5525 8)

JANET and ALLAN AHLBERG:
Each Peach Pear Plum
Kestrel. £2.95. (7226 5335 2)

CYNTHIA MITCHELL:
Playtime
Heinemann. £2.50. (434 94364 9)

The Magic Castle and *The Magic Bubblepipe* rely on the gimmickry of unfolding pictures, but this is not enough to conceal the books' emptiness, and the price is high for the small pleasure. *What's Happening to Daisy?* has been produced to illustrate the birth of a foal, which it does satisfactorily, but the pictures and text are otherwise unidentified; a harmless book, but not necessary. Much the same is true of the three Catland books and we have gained little by the rediscovery of them. The pictures are uneven, the text uniformly insipid. They are quite pleasant, but there are so many pleasant little books, and childhood is short.

The others are more solid. The Shaker background of *A Peaceable Kingdom* will mean nothing to British children; if the little "mottoes" were legible they would be perplexing, and the number of animals by each letter makes its usefulness as an ABC doubtful; but regarded simply as a picture book this is charming. Unfortunately it is a curiosity—never a recommendation to children, who may be deterred by its strangeness. *Each Peach Pear Plum* has nursery characters playing hide-and-seek from picture to picture; the plot is minimal, the ending comfortable, the whole is fun. But Cynthia Mitchell's *Playtime* is a delight. Solid, energetic children romp their way through the book, acting out the participles that form the text with spirit and imagination. Thoroughly enjoyable; highly recommended.

Joy Chant

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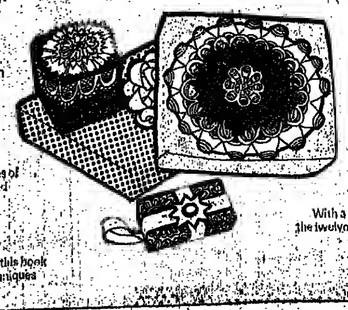

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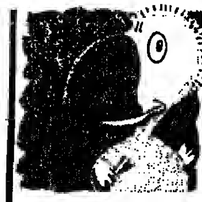

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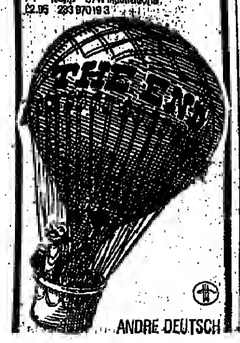

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Being read to can be one of the most memorable of childhood experiences, the perfect mixture of the active and the passive, the receptive and the imaginative (with a pinch of the sleepy, at bedtime). Eileen Colwell's *Humblepuppy and Other Stories for Telling* gives copious notes on how each story should be read, the time it will take, the effects it may have, and the reader's tone and attitude. "Tell the story easily, as though Peter was someone you knew", she suggests. "Tell the story quietly, almost in confidence", "As you tell the story, see it as a series of pictures", "This is a tragic story and it should not be toned down. I believe that children need 'raughage'." The reader's skill (tone, mood, enjoyment) is so important that this advice is well worth having. A wide-ranging mixture of times and places, the spooky and the straightforward, the folkish and the funny, *Humblepuppy* goes from Charles Kingsley to Ogden Nash, and from "traditional" to Joan Aiken, who writes the title story, a gently unexplained, realistically told tale of a small dog's ghost.

Jan Wahl's *The Pleasant Fieldmouse Storybook* offers mild adventures in point modern morals ("Pleasant for President") in a forest where natural history becomes slightly exotic, our familiar fieldmice, moles, rabbits and hedgehogs being joined by chipmunks, beavers, opossums, muskrats, skunks and finally an enormous bear. The rather Pooh-like illustrations are attractive; anthropomorphic but not too much so. Elizabeth Clark's *Country Tales to Tell* are homelier in setting and as they were written in the Twenties and Thirties go back to a time when the country was a lot less despoiled than it is now. These stories have a gently rural atmosphere and a good repetitious rhythm for reading aloud.

Finally, one of the best of the reading-aloud writers, Margaret Mahy, whose *The Great Piratical Rumbustification* (also containing *The Librarian and the Robbers*) has pictures by the ever-rumbustious Quentin Blake, who can make more comedy out of pirates, robbers and small boys disguised as either than anyone else around in the world of illustrators. Very lively, though basically mild, adventures and a good sense of all's-well-that-ends-well make this an ideal bedtime book.

Isabel Quigly

Magical morals

ROALD DAHL:
The Complete Adventures of Charlie and Mr Willy Wonka
Allen and Unwin. £4.95.
(04 823151 7)

"A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men", says Mr Wonka contentiously, as his Great Glass Elevator returns from space and lands calmly by the chocolate waterfall. He is right, as usual; many people would like to press the "Up and Out" button. It takes a good deal of energy, though, to get through the roof, and it is the sheer drive of Roald Dahl's fantasies that gives them their special appeal. *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* and *Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator* in one volume offer us 280 pages of Mr Wonka in a single gulp, and he keeps his fizz and flavour all the way through. The secret lies in the style, which is that of a very intelligent second-former with a little magic added. The books rocket along with schoolboyish inventiveness—awful puns, daffy incidents, enthusiasm, far too many exclamation marks, uneven English, and appalling quantities of sweets—and with that steady eye on simple moral truths which is more characteristic of childhood than adults like to remember.

With the two stories together, one can see that the first is tidier but less original, with its bad children out of Belloc and its overdose of (sometimes accurate) words like "fantastic". The second keeps Charlie and his odd family more firmly at its centre, yet it ranges more widely—from space to the White House to Chaos. Taking the Elevator into the underworld is ambitious, but no epic is complete until its hero has been there; the visit, made by Charlie and Mr Wonka alone, is deftly handled and puzzling. Who is this magician who is greeted with cries of "allolulu" by his people and who can descend into the shadow world?

The moral of the first book is clear enough. Gluttony, covetousness, pride and sloth are punished, while the poor but honest Charlie is rewarded. The ending of the second story is more complicated. We are given a rare insight into Mr Wonka's thoughts and find him sighing over fallen humanity. The three bedridden grandparents are given the chance to become much younger; after some disagreeable confusions, they learn to accept their true ages. But then Mr Wonka works his last miracle, this time with no magic at all: the old people get out of their bed and walk. He has given away his factory and not taken his own elixir; like Prospero, he has taught people to find themselves and now he lays aside his art.

Dominic Hibberd

Laughing stock

HELEN CRESSWELL:
Bagthorpes Unlimited
Faber. £3.95.
(571 11245 5)

EVE RICE:
The Remarkable Return of Winston Potter Crisply
Bodley Head. £2.95.
(370 30137 4)

Domestic comedy for children has entered a new phase. It is no longer sufficient to trot out a succession of snobbish, absent-minded or outright old relatives and call them eccentric. Eccentricity now flourishes on an altogether more dramatic scale, although it is possible that Helen Cresswell's fictional family has taken this tendency to its limit. The even tenor of the usual day, is a quality unknown to the Bagthorpes who are subject to recurrent catastrophe in the home. Mr Bagthorpe fears his family is the laughing stock of England, and who can blame him? The causes of his distraught state are recounted with gusto in the latest contribution to the Bagthorpe saga, where the narrative pursues a lively course between surrealism and farce. Only to excessively studious eleven-year-old, like the Bagthorpes' horrid cousin Luke, will fail to find this story amusing.

Eve Rice's first-person narrator is a child of large vocabulary and little common sense who enlists the help of one brother to elucidate the doings of the other. Potter, who should be studying medicine at Harvard, is seen behaving oddly in New York. However, in spite of a promising beginning the story does not grip and the moment of illumination is anticlimactic.

Patricia Craig

Happy horrors

MARGARET TARRANT:
Fairy Tales
Ward Lock £3.95
(7063 5054 3)

RUTH MANNING-SANDERS:
Folk and Fairy Tales
Methuen £3.95
(416 86270 5)

LAURENCE HOUSMAN:
Moonlight and Fairyland
Cape £3.95
(224 01416 1)

PENELOPE FARMER:
Beginnings
Creation Myths of the World
Chatto £4.25
(7011 2275 7)

Fashions in reading may come and go, but fairy tales go on for ever, and appeal to children of all ages, colours and creeds; and here, in time for Christmas, are four collections of fairy tales and a book of myths—two of which were first illustrated and published many years ago.

Margaret Tarrant's collection consists of half a dozen of the most popular stories of Perrault and the Brothers Grimm. They are well told, both simply and directly with accompanying illustrations, reproduced from the originals of sixty years ago. These pictures, with their dated and rather bland charm have perhaps more appeal for the collector than the present day child, accustomed to more sophisticated fantasies. Nevertheless it is an attractive book with large clear print.

In contrast the illustrations by Ruth Manning-Sanders have a much less quality and an attention to detail that splendidly complements the stories. The author has published a large carrier in the telling of fairy tales. In her foreword to *Folk and Fairy Tales* she states that a prime requisite is that the tales should end happily. However horrific and perilous may be the adventures which befall the characters, the young reader can remain comfortingly sure that the good will triumph, and evil will be vanquished. "And they all lived happily ever after" remains one of the best tranquillizers.

The stories, drawn from countries as far apart as Japan and Iceland remain faithful to this premise. This particular anthology is taken in the main from previously published books—but the stories are refreshingly different and there is a wealth of coloured illustrations.

Moonlight and Fairyland, contains stories dating from 1894. The tales are unusual, and are told with touches of irony that may escape the younger reader, but which make reading aloud more pleasurable for the grown up.

The last book *Beginnings by Penelope Farmer* is a compilation of the "creation myths of the world" grouped under such headings as Earth, Men, Flood, Fire and Death. It is an interesting and useful book for the adult reader and teacher containing a wide variety of myths culled from worldwide sources, but its appeal for children is probably rather limited.

Brian Baumfield

Highland romance

BARBARA WILLARD:
The Gardener's Grandchildren
Kestrel. £2.95.
(0 7226 5415 4)

Landscape dominates this haunting novel set in a remote Hebrides island around the turn of the century. Years ago the old Laird converted a crag into a garden paradise. He took with him a runaway boy, now grown into formidable old age. The island is deserted except for the gardener's family who maintain the paradise and spring-clean the big house for the absent Laird. The grandchildren of the old gardener, Ella and Rob, have no knowledge of life outside their beautiful prison. The island itself changes, with the arrival, first of a dark and brooding man they call "Sgerlib" and then of another runaway boy, Clement Alexander, the grandson of the old Laird. Between Ella and Clement grows an intimacy that cannot exist once Clement is recognized heir and Ella becomes a servant once more.

The west coast of Scotland is the ideal setting for this story of conflicting emotions, of wild dreams and bitter-sweet reality. Though dominant, the landscape is never allowed to envelop its inhabitants. Barbara Willard has done a bold thing in choose a wild setting for a story of romance spread over several generations; but she is too good a writer to let the classic cast more than a shadow over her own teeming heights.

Sarah Hayes

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Sea passages

CHARLES CAUSLEY (Compiler):
The Puffin Book of Salt-Sea Verse
Kestrel Books, £4.50.
(7226 5441 3)

Charles Causley's anthology of sea poems is of the kind that sets a standard for all others. Many of the expected poems are there, from "Drake's Drum" to "Look, stranger, on this island now", but not in such quantity that they cumulatively preclude the necessity of venturing farther afield to find new ones. *The Puffin Book of Salt-Sea Verse* is a book notably free from the parsimonious that characterizes so many anthologies: Mr Causley has dug deeply and zestfully into the huge resources of English verse about the sea and sailors, and come up with a selection that is continually original and surprising, giving the impression of an embarrassment of riches. His sections—which include "The Sea Itself", "On the Beach", "Vessels" and "Sea-changes"—are somewhat arbitrary, and certainly overlap; but he has researched among well-known and lesser-known poets of all periods for work which catches the "growing sense of unease most of us feel when confronted by the ocean's beauty and casual strength, its awful indifference to our insignificant selves". Lewis Carroll's "Sea Dirge" has it in one vein:

Their cheeks were hollow, their steps were slow,
Convicted felons they seemed to be:
'Are you going to prison, dear friend?' 'Oh, no!
We're returning from the Sea!'

and Dick Davis's "The Diver" has it in another:

The blue-cold spasm passes,
And he's broken in.
Assailed by silence he descends
Last suddenly
To air and sunburned friends . . .

The selection is lightened by the inclusion of some of the best ballads, among them "I do like a to be beside the seaside" and "Ship Ahoy!" ("All the nice girls love a sailor"). The illustrations by Antony Maitland are serviceable: mermerkeide, but also unobtrusive—something we don't always expect now from the pictures which accompany poems, but which ought to be a rule far artists.

Alan Brownjohn

Practical ploys

Practical Puffins: Cover-ups (7226 5461 8); Presents (7226 5465 0) Constructions (7226 54642); Messages (7226 5462 6); Smells (7226 5456 1); Exploring (7226 5459 6) Kestrel. £1.50 (paperback 60p).

Bright-looking, inexpensive little books, crammed with exciting things to make and do, sound the ideal stocking-fillers to keep the young amused during the holidays. Nor will most children under ten be disappointed in this enterprising batch of Practical Puffin books. The subjects cover a wide range of activities, from coping with an oiled sea bird, in *Exploring*, to manufacturing warts from bread and corn syrup, in *Cover-ups*. The instructions are, for the most part, simple, basic and well within the capacity of any moderately intelligent child. Few of the suggested plays are actually dangerous. Exceptions are the bottle-island in *Exploring* and the actual fire in *Messages*, which could well be so and aught, I feel, to have carried strong warnings in that effect.

Parents, on the other hand, should be prepared for shocks. Apart from the problem of supplies—the "present" of home-made compost, for instance, entails sawing off the bottom of a dustbin (whose?). There is also the problem of guinea-pigs. How about a strong smell of fish in a bunch of flowers, or some sweaty socks behind a curtain. Both are said to work well, and I do not doubt it.

Anne Carter

Ways to baffle

NORMAN HUNTER:
Vanishing Ladies and Other Magic
Illustrated by Jill McDonald
Bodley Head. £2.95. (370 300785)

Norman Hunter's claim to fame as a child entertainer rests primarily with his creation of Professor Bronstewan, a glorious and lovingly drawn characterization of the mad professor/clown which has an authentic dash of self-portrait. The other hat of this energetic author is literally that of a conjuror. And many a satisfied audience, after half an hour of Professor Bronstewan's magic, can testify to its quality.

In this, his second book of magic, Norman Hunter wittily sets out a number of splendid illusions of graduated difficulty as to how to baffle your audience and win friends. The Vanishing Lady of the title actually exists and (with practice) might be added to your repertoire. An extremely acceptable addition to the Christmas stocking of the would-be magician who has already acquired his first wand.

John Skinner

Cues for carollers

LEWIS CARROLL:
Songs from Alice
A. and C. Black. £2.95.
(7136 1879 5)

TIMOTHY JOHN and PETER HANKEY:
The Green Song Book
Illustrated by Tomi Ungerer
Ernest Benn. £5.95.
(510 00037 1)

DONALD SWANN and ARTHUR SCHOLEY:
Singalive
Collins. £3.
(599605 8)

DAVID GADSBY and IVOR GOLBY:
Merrily to Bethlehem
A. and C. Black. £2.45.
(7136 1887 6)

My immediate reaction on seeing *Songs from Alice* was that it was a book produced solely for the Christmas market, an excellent present for godmothers and aunts to give their little charges. The tunes are delightful, and they complement perfectly the words of the songs.

The arrangements in *The Great Song Book* include guitar chords and cover a wide range of ability, so that it is a book which includes everybody. A recorder player would have as much fun as a flute player. The book is divided into eight sections covering everything from Farmer's Songs to Folk Songs, Nursery Rhymes and Christmas Songs.

The songs in *Singalive* demand an audience. A collection of songs written by Donald Swann and Arthur Scholey over a period of five years, it is intended for schools and groups. The last song in the collection requires several unusual instruments including a reception-desk bell and football rattle clappers. This book also covers a wide range; several of the songs have a biblical flavour, but of a wide, inclusive kind, and I think children of any Christian denomination would enjoy taking part in a production which included songs like these.

Finally there is *Merrily to Bethlehem* which is subtitled "a very unusual carol book". It is a collection of forty-four carols, most of which will be unfamiliar. There are carols from Poland, Provence, Wales and Carolina. There is a carol by A. P. Herbert which tells you a lot about stars, in magnificent language. The tunes are charming and easy enough for a grade two pianist. The recorder or flute can play the top line, and it would be suitable for a good old-fashioned family occasion around the piano.

Catharine Rawlinson

childrens choice for
CHRISTMAS

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The old pretenders

By Ruth Harris

ELIZABETH T. BILLINGTON :
The Randolph Caldecott Treasury
Frederick Warne. £12.50.
(7232 6139 3)

CHARLES H. BENNETT :
Bennett's Fables
Chatto and Windus. £4.95.
(070 11 2403 2)

BRIAN LOVE :
Play the Game
Michael Joseph. £7.50
(7181 1724 7)

FRANZ BONN :
The Children's Theatre
Kestrel/Viking. £2.95.
(7226 5536 3)

LOTHAR MEGGENDORFER :
The Doll's House
Kestrel/Viking. £2.95.
(7226 5534 7)

Nothing is more fun than "Let's pretend": it is the beginning of all the best games. Books are an aid in this pretending and the illustrator not only sets the scene and designs the costumes but, if he has the imagination, he adds to the story. Randolph Caldecott's title-page for *The Milkmaid* calls it "An old song exhibited and explained" and to exhibit and explain is exactly what he does. Maurice Sendak in his perceptive appreciation in this book uses the word "quicken" in talking about Caldecott's work and compares him to a conductor interpreting a score.

The Randolph Caldecott Treasury is an anthology of Caldecott's work from his early sketches in the American series left unfinished when he died in Florida at the age of forty; there are selections from his work as an illustrator and some of the ravishing picture books are given complete. They do not have quite the same magic when they are not in their original format, but the book contains unused drawings and great care has been taken with reproduction. Elizabeth Billington puts the artist in context, and she includes an article on the partnership between Caldecott and Edmund Evans who translated the colours and washes of the watercolours into the incised lines of wood-engraving.

In 1883 Caldecott published *Some of Aesop's Fables with Modern Instances* and it seems likely that he knew *Bennett's Fables* of 1857, a book greatly admired and now reprinted for the first time from a rare hand-painted first edition. In his version Caldecott drew two illustrations, one of animals and one of humans; Bennett fused the two into a single image. His characters are simultaneously animal and man: the purblind mole with his eyeglass quizzing a Sir Isumbras on a spotted woollen horse and the Tortoise, rotund and self-satisfied on the shoes of Guildhall, ignoring the slobby hare collapsed at his feet with a battered top hat full of plans and inventions. *Bennett's Fables* may not be a children's book, but the pictures are an engaging that few children could fail to enjoy them.

For a more formal approach to morals, parents could encourage children to play board games, such as: The New Game of Human Life" published in 1790 where at the fall of a die the Students May at seven is advanced to the Grotto at forty-two, though oddly enough the Drunkard goes back to being the Docile Boy. Brian Love in his fascinating collection makes us see the whole of life in terms of games. You can miss a turn to lament the death of Socrates or you can throw again in the Blitz because fire is extinguished according to regulations. Boards range in style from Cruikshank's "Comic Game of the Great Exhibition of 1851" to the Monopoly simplicity of "Quartette" and counters or tokens are provided. "An Eccentric Excursion to the Chinese Empire"—by steamboat, by walking, by aerial or flying machine (the year is 1848), or by railway, might well be more entertaining than watching television. To avoid introducing dice into a private family a tee-to-tum, or totum may be used instead.

Board games provide a design for adventure and anyone who has played Ludo can remember the relief of getting home and the personalities of the four colours. Pop-up books are a different roaming ground for the the imagination. *The Children's Theatre* is a peep-show into a gaslit drawing room and the tableaux acted there, with Father and Mother as Joseph and Mary and the dog as the Wolf in Little Red Riding Hood. Lothar Meggendorfer's *Doll's House* would enchant anybody of any age. The detail is delightful and ingenious: the doors open and shut and there is a proper window so to the street where a maid offers refreshment to a cyclist. This is a world to revisit and to remember and the price of ownership is only £2.95.

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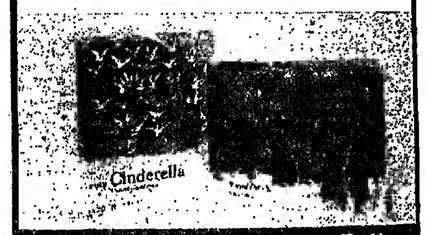

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The Opposition to Women's Suffrage in Britain.
224pp. Croom Helm. £9.95.

A story with half the characters left out would baffle and frustrate most of us, but such is the story which has so far been written of our political history over the past century. The forces of innovation have been singled out for attention, and their ideas examined with sympathy. The forces of inertia have been neglected, and their outlook hardly explored at all. Even historians of the Conservative Party tend to focus on the Peelite and modernizing efforts of the front bench, though the chief function of the party was to protect and maintain inequalities of status and income. From the literature on the Liberals we might deduce that they were an expanding popular party led on by militant dissenters and social reformers: little is said by comparison of the hostility of ratepayers and businessmen who prevented the party from becoming the vehicle of organised labour. Labour historians, it must be admitted, are an exception to the rule, for they spend a great deal of time explaining why the working classes have never lived up to socialist expectations. Rightwing labour has many analysts and quite a few sympathizers. It is the middle and upper classes whose roles have been most liable to distortion. Much has been written, for example, about Christian socialism and the anxiety of bishops about the "condition of England". But what has become of the stalwart Tory parson, inculcating deference and patriotism into his parishioners? The Liberal critics of Empire are familiar figures, but the Liberal imperialists remain obscure in spite of their decisive impact on events. In social and economic affairs the limelight has been stolen by the progressive intelligentsia campaigning for collectivism, leaving in the shadows the Treasury officials who year by year schemed to keep public expenditure down.

For this top-sided picture there are a number of explanations, including certain gaps in source material. But the key factor is unconscious Whig history. There has been a powerful tendency among historians to select only sympathetic subjects for research, leaving the rest to take care of themselves. Most of us are so repelled by the Ian Smiths and Ian Paisleys of this world that we shy away from the task of reconstructing parallel figures in the past: even the milder forms of conservatism are avoided. Yet the more we discuss the accelerator rather than the brakes, the less we understand the system as a whole. Without the contributions of one or two Tory imaginations, including Marxists and high Tories, there would be little to observe in British politics since 1880 but a host of pressures for a more efficient and egalitarian society. It therefore becomes difficult to account for the slow rate of change and high level of stability so characteristic of this country. Obviously we need to look at the conservative half of the equation and at the interaction of forces, and this is exactly what Brian Harrison has done in his new book. Valuable as it is as the opposition to female suffrage, *Separate Spheres* is to be welcomed first and foremost for a vigorous opening chapter arguing the case for the study of lost causes and silent majorities. The balance of research does need to be corrected, and Dr Harrison's words of criticism and advice ought to be at the elbow of every research supervisor, and read by any intending PhD student in the field. They dispose of the fallacy that good liberal history must be primarily about liberals, or good feminist history primarily about Mary Wollstonecraft and her successors.

The first resolution in favour of votes for women was moved in the House of Commons by J. S. Mill in 1867, but it was not until 1918 that the vote was granted to women of thirty or over, and it was 1928 before women were placed on a full equality with men and could vote at twenty-one. The most obvious explanation of this long-drawn-out contest would seem to be sexual conflict, finally resolved by male concession. On this assumption Mrs Fawcett and Mrs Pankhurst represented the advance guard of active and conscious women whose mission it was to rescue their sisters from a passive and dependent way of life. Middle-class women in particular were asserting their economic rights both in the home and in outside careers, and the political struggle grew out of the economic. There would be no paradox in arguing that there were also enlightened men like Pethick-Lawrence who were equally keen to end sexual injustice, and no problem in the fact that so many women appeared to be content without the vote: for the deprived, as we know, innocence is often bliss. As for the remorse of resistance, it could be shown that those were in the hands of ambitious males, steeped in convictions of sexual superiority, and hanging on grimly to their privileges. Indeed so long and bitter was the resistance that some women were driven to civil disobedience and the destruction of property. And it was these women, the militants of the WSPU, who forced the issue and deserve most of the credit for the granting of the vote—a landmark in the emancipation of their sex.

Such would probably be the thesis put forward by the better-informed writers on the subject. If Dr Harrison set out to revise it he does not say so, for he avoids confrontation and treats his adversaries as though they are a well-informed seminar audience who will understand the implications of what is said. He simply unfolds his own analysis of the "Antis" in a series of steps which by the end form a crooked zig-zag path, a much more complicated story than we thought. *Separate Spheres* is a highly original and illuminating book, but by no means easy to absorb. Dr Harrison has the gifts of the "splitter" rather than the "lumper". He can see and classify many more sides to events than a less imaginative historian would detect, but the reader is left to work hard weighing up and relating a great variety of factors.

Dr Harrison divides the history of the Antis into two phases, of intent and organized opposition. So long as there was no practical prospect that the suffrage campaign would bear fruit, its opponents hardly stirred apart from an occasional flurry of activity in Parliament or the press. But after 1900 the rise of the Pankhursts and a shift of opinion in the Commons forced the Antis to mobilize. In 1910 Lords Cromer and Curzon took the lead in forming the National League for Opposing Woman Suffrage, a pressure group which survived until 1918. The cause was lost, though Birkenhead, Churchill, Austen Chamberlain and others were found lying very low in the last ditch in 1928.

Latent opposition, a mass of vague and inarticulate tendencies, is necessarily hard to analyse, but Dr Harrison has sifted biographies and private papers in good effect. He identifies four strands of thought or, as he prefers to call them, ideal types. One of these is confusing, for it consists of politicians who in principle favoured votes for women, but objected to the provisions of particular Bills. The pre-1918 franchise was a restricted one. If women were given the vote on the same terms as men, as the suffragists demanded, this would enfranchise women of property and benefit the Conservatives. Hence a number of Liberal politicians including Lloyd George opposed anything short of universal adult suffrage. Another strand of opposition was provided by the instinctive conservative who disliked democratic and reforming movements in general, and hence the women's movement in particular. In party terms the bulk of the opposition was provided by the Conservatives, but there were powerful cross-currents. All Conservative leaders from Disraeli onwards were in favour of votes for women, whereas most Liberal leaders were against. There were also authoritarian Liberals who placed efficiency above democracy: "With aristocratic and Anglican power severely curbed, Liberals like Bryce, Dicey, Maine and Fitzjames Stephen were free to turn against the democracy on whose political aid they had earlier rolied."

But the two most revealing chapters of the book locate the hard core of resistance in the sexual attitudes of the period. The strongest obstacle was a widespread belief, to be found among both sexes and all classes, in a division of labour between men and women ordained either by God or the laws of nature. Innate sexual differences were exaggerated and held to justify a "separation of spheres". Antis were often ready to stress virtues and qualities they regarded as natural to women, and encourage the entry of women into universities and the professions. But women were regarded as intellectually, emotionally and biologically inadequate in the sphere of government. Doctors in particular were fertile in the production of pseudo-scientific theories of female inferiority.

Many years ago Halévy argued that the chief disqualification of women was their inability to bear arms, and Dr Harrison shows that the argument of "physical force" was often employed. The doctrine was reinforced by the rise of Empire, a male kingdom resting on the capacity to dominate and, if need be, to fight. International rivalry seemed to heighten the need for virile governments, and Lord Cromer warned: "The German man is manly, and the German woman is womanly . . . can we hope to compete with a nation such as this if we war against nature?" The belief in separate spheres was strongly held by women themselves, including ironically the Empress of India. Nor were such women stupid or passive. Victorian society already allotted a powerful place to society hostesses and female philanthropists, prominent among the Antis. And in 1889 an appeal against female suffrage included the signatures of Mrs T. H. Green, Mrs Leslie Stephen, Mrs Goschen, Beatrice Potter, Mrs W. E. Forster and Mrs Matthew Arnold.

The Antis also incorporated the sentiments of clubland, a world with strongly negative attitudes towards women. The all-male club was the place of refuge for men who remain emotionally tied to the comradeship of the school playing-field or the college common room. Bachelors at heart and often in fact, they were on the defensive and anxious to keep women in their place, which was certainly not in that best of all clubs, the House of Commons. Dr Harrison detects in these regions a touch of misogyny. It is surprising that he does not also detect a note of fear and contempt as the last of the Regency bucks put up the shutters against moral reform. Christabel Pankhurst's cry of "Votes for Women and Chastity for Men" must have made the blood run cold, and brings to mind the young Churchill's escapade against Mrs Ormiston Chant, who was trying to clean up the London music halls.

(Perhaps George MacDonald Fraser, an mean historian, will tell us one day what the aged General Flashman thought of the suffragettes.)

Clubland was also the headquarters of the National League for Opposing Woman Suffrage. Dr Harrison has found rich evidence of the league's activities in the private papers of its organizers, and brings it to life for the first time. In 1914 the league claimed 42,000 members in its branches, a very creditable popular base for a pressure group. Its propaganda was less effective than that of the feminists but it provided a respectable front for opposition, and its secret strength lay in excellent parliamentary and financial contacts. Thus Curzon was in touch with the Liberal Chief Whip, J. A. Pease, who promised unofficially to do all he could to stop woman suffrage. Dr Harrison unfortunately neglects the clique of wealthy men and women who appear to have provided the funds. There is no mention of Lord Rothschild or Sir Ernest Cassel: was David Morgan correct in arguing that the league's backers were "a gondish cross-section of the Edwardian plutocracy"? The main organizational problem of the league was embarrassingly, the war of the sexes at head office. Cromer and Curzon battled for control against powerful women secretaries or the irrepressible Mrs Humphry Ward.

In the short run, Dr Harrison argues, the league won the battle partly because the Pankhursts played into its hands. The phase of extreme militancy from 1912 to 1914 alienated many MPs and stiffened the resolve of ministers to resist. The WSPU, far from mobilizing the kind of mass support which might have led to surrender, succeeded only in isolating itself. This is plausibly argued, but it still may be that George Dangerfield was right in asserting that Asquith was already shifting his position before the outbreak of war: something may have snapped.

The war definitely ruined the cause of the Antis, removing the party political obstacles and discrediting much of the case for the separation of spheres. But Dr Harrison maintains that the victory was an anti-climax which led nowhere in particular. Few of the active suffragists, and few women of any background, entered politics. It has been suggested that after 1918 Parliament responded more readily to the interests and demands of women, but Dr Harrison thinks it was no more responsive then before: "It is difficult to think of reforms for which late Victorian women energetically campaigned and which they were not granted". A splendid paradox opens up with the assertion that in many ways it was the Antis who won, since the attributes associated with them continued to thrive, and their prediction that the vote would make little practical difference to the position of women was vindicated by events. In the sense way it could be said that the granting of the vote to working men in 1867 had no consequences: it depends how far ahead you look.

Yet Dr Harrison is thoroughly convincing in his overall revision of the significance of the suffrage issue. He is not, of course, attacking feminism but deflating the mythology of Parliament of which the suffragettes were themselves victims. In the nineteenth century the most magical powers were attributed to Parliament, as they once had been to the just king. In 1831 William Cobbett argued that a reform of Parliament would give the labouring man a cow and pig, bread and cheese and a bottle of beer, and freedom from oppression. The vote was, of course, a symbolic recognition of citizenship, important for self-respect and with some real influence. But the Pankhursts believed in its transforming power and it is unhistorical to perpetuate this idea, or to neglect the moderate suffragists who built up the case in a more sober fashion. The Antis began with most of society on their side, and the shift from traditional to modern ideas has taken place slowly and for the most part outside Parliament. The war between the suffragettes and the police has distracted attention from a deeper process: the modification of one superstition's beliefs by the next.

Oxford University Press 1978

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To the Editor

Post-Modernism

Sir,—It is with a deep sense of scholarly obligation and an utter predictability that I answer Professor Reyner Banham's silly review of my "silly" book on Post-Modern Architecture (November 17). The silliness is not in dispute: as a former student of the Professor I have always tried to follow his example as best I could, so if there is any silliness in my book then he, not I, should take the credit (besides the Monty Python he credits).

The problem is that Professor Banham takes Philip Johnson and all his silliness too seriously; if only he would take his eyes off this entertaining court-jester for a moment and look at the rest of the Post-Modernists—Charles Moore, Ralph Erskine, Bruno Reichlin to name three—he would see more substantial issues at stake: questions of historical mastery, participation, urban appropriateness, etc. In short, the way Modern architecture failed to communicate as intended and the way its successors tried to remedy this both by using conventional cues including ornament, and by trying to bring back most of the things Modern architecture scrubbed off and threw away (during its Vacuum Cleaning Period).

Being a sometime exponent of the well-scrubbed machine aesthetic he, like many Modernists, has difficulty both in seeing that an era has ended and in focusing on what has replaced it. This haziness of vision is widespread among Modern architects which is why, in my book, I have tried to be ultra-clear and too-obvious about the new language of Post-Modern architecture. Again and again it is defined as a form of "double-coding", half modern and half something else—traditional, local, vernacular, or whatever is locally relevant. The reason for this "double-talk" is not that "White-Man speak with fork tongue" or hypocrisy, but that most people, most societies, are partly modern and partly traditional and so their architectural language is hybrid. This does appear as nonsense and silliness to those who still speak in the purified old language of simplified, Modernistic Esperanto, fumigated as it is of all historical memory and richness, but it does and should anyhow, problems to the young designers who accept the Classical language, which they see on every street corner, along with the Modern. Post-Modernism has moved right back to a pre-Modern eclecticism comparable to that of the Queen-Anne Revival and Edwardian Free Style.

I hang an alum these megaobvious points because, as mentioned, Banham studiously avoids understanding them in his attempt to make Post-Modernists into "post-graduate weirdos" who lack the "courage" to reject Modernism totally. Such silly caricature typifies the Modernist's misunderstanding of the current eclecticism, as indeed the idea that Philip Johnson is its major protagonist, or that some less than consequential usage of the keyword in 1964 amounts to a major definition. I'm once again grateful to my former Professor for accentuating these ridiculous points and for the vigour, wit and silliness with which he upholds them.

CHARLES A. JENCKS.
Architectural Association School of Architecture, 34-36 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3EG.

PS: He is right, this style is catching.

Frank Pick

Sir,—Neel Carrington's suggestion (Letters, November 17) that it is time someone undertook a Life of Frank Pick can be easily answered: we publish Christian Barman's *The Man Who Built London Transport: A Biography of Frank Pick* on March 29, 1979.

DAVID ST JOHN THOMAS.
Chairman, David and Charles (Holdings) Ltd, Brunel House, Newton Abbot, Devon.

Train Journeys

Sir,—I am compiling an anthology of railway journeys in trains of all kinds (transcontinental, private, royal and presidential, prisoner of war and troop, branch line, etc), both in fact and fiction. All suggestions gratefully received.

LUDOVIC KENNEDY.
3 Upper Dean Terrace, Edinburgh 4.

Book Design

Sir,—I am sorry Martyn Goff (November 17) is upset by my remarks about the way the National Book League has for many years run its annual Book Design and Production show. I had overlooked that, *for the first time this year*, publishers and selectors had been given some criteria to guide them.

Unfortunately the 150-word document consists mainly of generalizations and cannot remotely be described as "very firm". There is no mention of specific points to be examined: grain direction, weight, and opacity of paper; matching of endpapers with text paper; bulk of signatures and the bearing this has on accurate folding and the final shape of the book-block; sharpness of blocking and precision of squares; suitability of type and paper, or paper, for the printing process; quality of film or digital composition, particularly in small and large sizes; typography in terms of even spacing, relation between leading and spacing, word-divisions, type size and measure, format and type areas; imposition; proper make-up, including the avoidance of widows; harmony between format and bulk, between weight and thickness of boards and book-block; relationship between graphic and typographic elements.

In trying to find objective ways to judge quality, such a list could be considerably expanded; and if it were used as a yardstick, designers and book producers might learn to avoid some of the errors so frequently made. The selectors themselves castigated these forcefully in their introduction to the current catalogue.

HANS SCHMOLLER.
Steading, Down Place, Windsor, Berkshire SL4 5UG.

Orson Welles

Sir,—Stanley Kauffmann's review of my book, *The Theatre of Orson Welles*, is peevish and grossly inaccurate (November 10). To hear him tell it, I "skimp on dates and on names and locations of theatres". The fact is, each of the Welles productions that I discuss is identified in the Table of Contents (page 7) as to exactly where and when they opened. The complete cast lists for *all* of Welles's stage productions with the WPA and his own Mercury Theatre are listed in Appendix A (pages 181-90).

He also attributes to me such quotes as "Guthrie was a very precious director vis-à-vis that sort of thing" (page 43). As is clearly indicated in the text, that remark was made by John Huyt, who, with Welles, was an actor in the Katherine Cornell-Guthrie McClintic company during 1933-34.

There was no film footage to Welles's production of *Horse Eats Hat*; nor is any mentioned in my book. Where, then, did Mr Kauffmann come across this information?

Time and again, the point is made in my book that I am interested in Welles only up to the point at which he leaves for Hollywood to make *Citizen Kane*. To be sure, Welles would return to the stage several times during the 1940s and 1950s, but not with the absolute creative authority which he exercised during his Mercury and WPA days. Even with *Native Son*, so close in time to the earlier productions, Welles's control was not nearly so all-encompassing as in the past.

RICHARD FRANCE.
Lawrence University, PO Box 599, Appleton, Wisconsin 54911.

Nietzsche

Sir,—In my review of J. P. Stern's *Nietzsche* (October 20), I did not mean to suggest, as he intimates in his letter of October 27, that the book was indebted to articles that do not exist. I am sorry I cannot aspire to such heights of absurdity. Rather then retract my statement, as he invites me to do, I would prefer to clarify and substantiate it.

By "articles" I meant his three essays in the publications mentioned in his acknowledgments, and by "previously published material" I mean essays as well as his essay on Nietzsche (not acknowledged by him) in *Idylls and Realities* (1971) which provides source material (pages 201-203, 209n, 210) for Chapters 3 and 5 of *Nietzsche*. I note, though I have no time to confirm, what your reviewer said in the *TLS* for October 22, 1976 viz, that is *Idylls and Realities* Dr Stern had regrettably chosen "to take over verbatim, or with only slight verbal alteration—and without special acknowledgment—" passages of his earlier book, *Re-interpretation* (1964).

An author is free to draw on his previous work but not, I submit, to imply, as Dr Stern implies in his *Nietzsche* acknowledgments, that the indebtedness is less extensive than it really is. Her evidence that this indebtedness extends, as I claimed, beyond Chapters 3 and 7, readers might care to notice the parallels between Dr Stern's essay in *Encounter* (February, 1971), pages 25, 29-30 and 34 and Chapters 5, 6 and 8 of *Nietzsche*, pages 59, 116-117 and 147 respectively.

DAVID S. THATCHER.
Department of English, University of Victoria, PO Box 1700, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada V8W 2Y2.

Mass-Observation

Sir,—Charles Madge has checked his cuttings and doubts if there was in his published observations on Mass-Observation "much, if any, praise or dispraise of 'the people's art' and proletarian fiction". If the young Madge had hung on to all his pieces like old Madge would have had less trouble recalling his youthful self (in my phrase) "praising the people's art that Mass-Observation techniques were supposed to uncover". He did so in his "Poetic Description and Mass-Observation", *New Verse*, No 24, 1937. ("Mass-Observation is a technique for obtaining objective statements about human behaviour. . . . Poetically, the statements are also useful. They produce a poetry which is not, at present, restricted to a handful of esoteric performers.")

And again, in his and Humphrey Jennings's "They Speak for Themselves: "Mass-Observation and Social Narrative", *Life and Letters Today*, Volume 17, No 9, 1937 ("reports . . . for Mass-Observation come largely from people whose lives are spent in a world whose behaviour, language, and viewpoint are far removed from academic science and literature. Sociologists and realistic novelists—including proletarian novelists—find it difficult if not impossible to describe the texture of this world. After reading hundreds of Mass-Observation reports, we find that they tend to cover just those aspects of life which others miss").

VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM.
Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

Dynevor Castle

Sir,—I do not think that Richard Usborne (in his review of Violet Powell's *Margaret Countess of Jersey*, November 10) ought to say that Dynevor Castle is in Ireland.

J. D. X. LLOYD.
Bron Hafren, Garthmyl, Montgomery, Powys SY15 6RT.

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Among this week's contributors

PAUL ADDISON is the author of *The Road to 1945: British Politics and the Second World War*, 1975.

HAROLD BRAVEN is Reader in English and Comparative Studies at the University of Warwick and editor of *The Science Fiction of Edgar Allan Poe*, 1976.

MICHAEL BOURDEAUX is the author of *Patriarchs and Prophets: Persecution of the Russian Orthodox Church Today*, 1970.

HEDLEY BULL's *The Anarchical Society: A Study of Order in World Politics* was published last year.

IAN FLETCHER is the editor of *Romantic Mythologies*, 1967, and *Meredith Now*, 1971.

PHILIP FRENCH's most recent book is *Westerns*, 1974.

IAN HAMILTON is the author of *The Little Magazines*, 1976.

MATTHEW HODGART's *James Joyce: A Student's Guide* was published this year.

GEOFFREY HOSKING is the author of *The Russian Constitutional Experiment: Government and Duma, 1907-1914*, 1973.

DIANA JOHNSON's novels include *The Shadow Knower*, 1975, and *Dying Late*, to be published next year.

DAVID KALSTONE's *Five Temperaments* was published this year.

RONALD LEWIN's latest book is *Ultra Goes to War*, 1978.

HERBERT MITGANG is publishing correspondent of the *New York Times* and was an army correspondent and managing editor of *Stars and Stripes* in Sicily.

EDEN ROLL's most recent book, *The Uses and Abuses of Economics*, was published this year.

ROGER SALE's books include *Modern Heroism*, 1973, and *Fairy Tales and After*, 1978.

MICHAEL SCHMIDT's most recent book of poetry, *A Change of Affairs*, was published this year.

J. R. VINCENT is the editor of *Disraeli, Derby and the Conservative Party*, published this year.

C. VITA-FINZI's *Archaeological Sites in their Setting* was published this year.

D. J. WEST's most recent book is *Understanding Sexual Attacks*, 1978 (with C. Roy and Florence L. Nichols).

TERENCE DE VERE WHITE is Vice-Chairman of the Board of the National Gallery of Ireland. His *Tom Moore* was published last year.

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The age of the Audenesque

By Matthew Hodgart

BERNARD BERGONZI:
Reading the Thirties
Texts and Contexts
157pp. Macmillan. £5.95.

STEPHEN SPENDER:
The Thirties and After
Poetry, Politics, People (1933-75)
245pp. Macmillan. £7.95 (Fontana paperback, £1.50).

The advertisements trailed along the
. arterial road:
Bungalows and a broken farm, short
cluttery grass
Where a hoarding had been pulled
down,
A windmill offering tea and lemon-
ade,
The great ruined sails gaping.

Obviously, a standard piece of 1930s verse, Audenesque in style and subject, as is confirmed by Bernard Bergonzi's careful analysis in *Reading the Thirties*: he notes the portentous use of "ruined" rather than "broken" as typical of Auden and his imitators. But it isn't verse at all: it is a sentence from *Brighton Rock*, set out as verse. This is the most surprising discovery in a study which turns out to be as much about Graham Greene as about Auden. Each has expressed admiration for the other, but there is no doubt about Auden's priority: as Professor Bergonzi says, "in devised, without intention to, a genre in which other, less talented poets could express their fears and anxieties and hopes through a period of sustained historical crisis". Mere unusually, even a talented novelist could find this mode useful for describing the contemporary world. The experience of the 1930s was not only one of political menace: it comprised such things as metal roads, bungalows, machines and the cinema, which had seldom been written about before in serious literature. For the "Auden generation" this common experience also included the aftermath of the First World War, the public schools and Oxbridge. These different elements of experience form the basis of Bergonzi's study which, he explains, had as one of its two points of departure an "interest in the typology and mythology of the thirties". The other point of departure was an "interest in the nature of a literary period, and how far it can be described or even defined in terms of regular and recurring structural constituents". That may sound highly theoretical, but Bergonzi's brand of structuralism is modest and empirical, and gives due weight to the diversity of talent found within the Auden generation.

To avoid misunderstanding, he makes it clear that he is not going to discuss the major modernists of an older generation who published some of their best work in the 1930s (Eliot, Yeats, Joyce), nor those remarkable individuals in the modernist tradition, David Jones and Samuel Beckett; nor even the rather younger writers such as Dylan Thomas, who wrote in a different idiom and became well known in the 1940s. I think that he may be wrong about Thomas, who also admired Auden and shared more of the 1930s experience than is usually admitted: indeed Bergonzi is finally forced to quote him on the central experience of the cinema. But this does not really matter, since with Auden, Greene, Isherwood, Day Lewis, MacNeice, Orwell, Spender, Rothwell Todd and Upward he has quite enough material for his book.

The exclusion of Thomas, moreover, points to another basic fact of literary history, which I had never before seen very clearly: whereas Thomas and Beckett belonged to the avant-garde, Auden and his friends and followers were literary conservatives. Their political views and sexual behaviour may have looked excessively liberated, but they were really middle-of-the-road, Horace-and-Hardy men. At heart, as Auden recognized in his last poem, "A Thanksgiving", he was an anti-garde of the 1930s. Indeed, on Surrealism, was curiously enough in English literature there were very few writers of it, but only one journal, Roger Roughton's *Contemporary Verse* and *Prose*, which was short-lived and lightweight. Themes was also short-lived but before the end of his life he too had ceased to be a modernist. There were no literary counterparts of the great English sculptors, Moore and Hepworth, and for this the sheer weight of English literary tradition was, I suppose, responsible. This literary conservatism did not, it appears, spring from the almost exclusively middle-class and public-school background of the poets, which is the subject of Bergonzi's first chapter. The public-school mythology of *The Prefects* and of many other 1930s works has been described before, but perhaps never so well as here. Bergonzi concludes: "Never before or since have English writers been so heavily marked by the homogeneous educational formation of the English upper and upper-middle class."

A minor symptom of this formation, to which he could have referred, was the accent which nearly all of these writers acquired and maintained to the end. When Auden decided to become an American, he just rhymed "grass" with "arse" and kept the rest of the phonetic structure intact. Isherwood, when I heard him lecture last year, also used some Americanisms, but was more remarkable for the confident tones of a Repton, rugger-playing and minor county background rather than Oxford (Steven) was the first public-school poet to develop a classless accent, but this was rare. Dylan Thomas saw what a handicap a South Wales accent would be to London literary life and polished up dreary Georgian poetic, as symbolic of the old order as the neck-Tudor suburbs; hence the functional glass and concrete style also became a symbol of the socialist dream, as in Betjeman's mocking "I have a vision of the future, chum/The workers' flats, in fields of soya bean. . . ". Auden only pretended he liked the new style, it seems, while Graham Greene, the odd man out, makes it a setting for capitalist crime. The Swedish millionaire Krogh in *England Made Me*, and the armaments tycoon Sir Marcus in *A Gun for Sale*, in the Midland city of Nottwich, live in glass and steel boxes (I am sure that the latter is based on Boots's factory in Nottingham by Sir Owen Williams, 1932, one of the few 1930s buildings praised by Pevsner.)

In the next chapter Bergonzi writes about the popular-song "lyrics" and other songs more or less in the jazz idiom which Auden could roll out with the facility of a Cole Porter: there are some fine ones in *The English Auden*, a collection published just too late for Bergonzi to use. He wrote a blues for the singer Hedli Anderson (Mrs Louis MacNeice), had it published in the *New Statesman* and then apparently forgot all about it. MacNeice was also very good at this kind of thing, but neither he nor Auden raised the popular song for much more than entertainment. The first to use it structurally was Graham Greene, who could easily have made a good living in the musical trade. Who does not remember the "silly, senseless words" sung to a "slow sleepy tune" in *A Gun for Sale*?

It's only Kaw
To you,
But to me
It's Paradise. . . .

They say that's a snowflower
A Man brought from Greenland,
I say it's the lightness, the coolness,
. . . the whiteness
Of your hand.

(Greenland is no accident, according to Bergonzi). In *Brighton Rock* Greene indulges his taste for pop music even more fully: like *The Great Gatsby* it contains "a rich subtext of musical references . . . not always used to establish an ironic Flaubertian contrast", to quote only a part of Bergonzi's admirable brief assessment of pre-war Greene.

For any reader who lived through the 1930s, the atmosphere invoked by this book must be one of foggy nostalgia—the popular songs of one's youth are surely beyond the reach of critical judgment. I thought that the penultimate chapter would be just as nostalgic, and at the same time critically revealing, for it is about the themes of the cinema, the great popular art of the period. But I found this to be the only disappointing part of the book. I thought that Bergonzi, having got well into his stride, and having proved the efficacy of his critical method, was about to offer profound insights into the effect of the art of the talkies on all literature. After all, those of us who are now between fifty and seventy were the greatest cinema-goers of all time; we entered the Hollywood dream world much more frequently than our parents or our children, and the writers must have taken a vast experience of this world into their memories. I even thought that he might have been able to explain almost everything in the 1930s poetic in terms of the movies, especially if he had added the high-brow films—German, French and Russian—which every intellectual saw. But this is not the case. Bergonzi begins well enough by documenting the impact of the cinema on MacNeice, Orwell, Evelyn Waugh and others; but then he gets on to the subject of Greta Garbo (whose face is on the cover) and goes no farther. Now, it is true, as Barthes writes, that Garbo gave everyone "a platonic idea of the human creature", and I suppose her unearthly beauty entered every man's dream, but there must be more to say about the influence of the cinema than that.

There is, for example, the simple fact that several of the writers worked in the movie industry, notably Isherwood, Dylan Thomas and Auden himself. I learn from the introduction to *The English Auden* by Edward Mendelson that Auden briefly worked for the GPO Film Unit under Grierson less as a writer than as assistant director and odd-job man. Mendelson suggests that "his colleagues may have hesitated to give him greater responsibility: when he directed a brief shot of a railway guard, the guard dropped dead a minute later". Auden left one good poetic script in *Night Mail*, and I am sure that there is a cinematic quality in his best work of the period and perhaps of later periods, though the remains to be demonstrated. Bergonzi quotes a few lines from Dylan Thomas's profound poem "Our Eunuch Dreams" (beginning "In this ear age the gunman and his moll . . .") but this work deserves far more analysis than it receives. There seems to be a need for a whole book on the subject of the film and poetry, which Bergonzi would be well qualified to write. In this book, after the appearance of Garbo, there is an anticlimactic discussion of politics and a not very convincing attempt to draw the various threads together. But in his last chapter, on at all points where he makes a critical judgment, Bergonzi shows unfailing taste. He ends by awarding the highest praise to MacNeice's *Autumn Journal*, which he considers to be "one of the outstanding achievements of the thirties; indeed, one of the few unremittingly good long poems in English of this century". He is surely right.

Stephen Spender, though not of the calibre of MacNeice or Auden, is a distinguished poet; the questions from his early verse by Bergonzi stand up well to the test of time. He is also a dedicated man of letters and as joint editor of *Horizon* and *Encounter* has done a considerable service to literature. In *The Thirties and After* he has reprinted some reviews he wrote before 1940, adding extracts from his journal for various years between 1939 and 1966 (all of which have been published previously in his autobiography) and ending with obituaries of his old friends Eliot and Auden, and verses on the death of Connolly and MacNeice. Some of this is interesting as first-hand testimony, but as literary criticism and descriptive prose the book is somewhat lacking in immediacy and force. Spender has been everywhere and met everyone in the literary world, on both sides of the Atlantic, but his impressions of other writers are often slightly out of focus, and for liveliness the personal memoirs are not to be compared with Isherwood's. Shining through the haze, however, are his admirable curiosity and true kindliness.

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In confessional circles

By Blake Morrison

MICHELE ROBERTS:
A Piece of the Night
186pp. The Women's Press. £4.95.

If feminist fiction continues to be met with resistance in English literary circles this isn't just because (as is sometimes said) those circles are "male-dominated", and therefore have a vested interest in frustrating feminist aspirations. The resistance is more deep-seated. Feminist attitudes and aspirations may be tolerated and even acknowledged to be just; what is less easy to take is the confessional feminist mode, a mode conspicuously lacking in irony, humour and open-endedness. Confession, as Helen McNeil argues in an interesting article in the latest issue of *Banana*, has currently a "special value" for women and a special importance in women's literature: it is a means of sharing, declaring, daring to say "I". But it is not a mode which readily endears itself to outsiders.

Michele Roberts's *A Piece of the Night* is a good example of a feminist novel heavily reliant on confession. There are passages which make use of a Plath-like, self-aggrandizing "I": "I cause storms and migraines, I turn milk sour, I am both ruined harvest and the shameful blood that sickens cattle. . . . I am dangerous, I wound, I maim. I am wounded, I am maimed, I am lost, I am lonely." Moreover, there are hints throughout the novel that the experiences of the heroine, Julie, have been based on those of the author herself. These hints are confirmed in the novel's final page, which upholds confession as having both therapeutic psychological uses and radical political uses: "Tell me about your past, Julie begins to urge other women, and they to urge her. The women sit in circles talking. They are passing telegrams along bottle-lines, telling each other stories . . . no longer smuggling ammunition over back garden walls, no longer corpses in the church and mouths of men."

It is a strikingly militant (even military) final image—uplifting for those who already share the author's viewpoint, likely further to alienate those who do not. Much of *A Piece of the Night* gives the same impression of a book written under the stern eye of a women's workshop group, and not much interested in winning the hearts of those outside the charmed circle. Such exclusiveness need not be a weakness so long as there is some hard-earned wisdom to show for it. But it is exactly here—in its failure to offer anything new by way of insight—that the novel falls down. The story, to begin with, is drearily unilluminating in its record of a woman's self-realization. Through a series of flashbacks which alternate with Julie's return home to nurse her ailing mother (both the homecoming theme and the flashback technique are strongly reminiscent of Lisa Alther's *Kinflicks*), the heroine traces her gradual emergence into the feminist and lesbian: she has now become: how her French parents sent her to England in order to receive a solid convent education; how she then went on to Oxford, and to marriage with Ben, a history don; how, after several years' marriage, she was shown the light by her female friends, and ditched Ben for life in a South London commune. With her raised consciousness, Julie can now see her past life as one of continual subjugation. The convent sought to suppress her sexuality by fitting her for chaste devotion to God. Ben used her as a sexual object failing to give her orgasms and treated her as the good little homemaker. Only with her lesbian friends is fulfilment possible. True, there are difficulties: Julie is jealous that her old friend and now lover, Jenny, has relationships with other women, and the temptation to seek a reconciliation with Ben still occasionally asserts itself. But the final image is one expressing defiance of men and solidarity with her own sex.

As if aware of the story's ponderous predictability, Ms Roberts jigs it up with a certain amount of stylistic experimentation. Instead of being divided into chapters (is it the male connotations in this word?), her novel falls into "sections"—"Ninth Section", "Tenth Section", and so on. And there is a fragmentation of time in the novel, not only because of flashbacks, but because Julie's tale occasionally overlaps with the story set earlier in the century, of Saint Veronica and Great-Great-Aunt Harriet. But in form, as well as content, Ms Roberts finds it hard to escape well-established conventions. The opening of the novel, for example, which describes the attack (somewhere between rape and seduction) which led to Julie's conception, has an almost Victorian feel.

It is in its descriptions and metaphors, though, that the contradiction of the novel's radical purpose becomes most apparent. The heroine's development is one which is supposed to suggest that she has become more alert and sensitive, more responsive to a world outside daily drudgery. Yet the novel's metaphors consistently reduce and domesticate the wonder of the non-human world. The moon is "cut out of silver cardboard, pasted on taffeta, sewn with glittering sequins"; gladioli have "blooms bright as crepe-paper decorations"; the sky is "a hot pink like her cigarette end"; the setting sun is "a yolk . . . dissolving into peach". Articulate though Ms Roberts can sometimes be, she fails to suggest that her heroine has won through to growth and vision.

The biological bind

By Susan Kennedy

SARA MAITLAND:
Daughter of Jerusalem
239pp. Blond and Briggs. £4.95.

How does the committed feminist, united with her sisters in calling for freedom from the biological female role, cope with the discovery of her own infertility? How does she continue to show solidarity in the unending struggle, even to the length of marching in public support for abortion on demand, while submitting to the private tyranny of the temperature chart and the humiliation, month after month, of attendance at the sub-fertility clinic? Despite the noisy publicity heralding the test-tube baby, society which is seeking to solve the problems of population growth pays little attention to the subject of barrenness. Sara Maitland tackles it head on in this extremely intelligent and enjoyable first novel.

In many ways hers is an extraordinary achievement. She has found a vocabulary for what is, after all, an intensely personal experience—the monthly pattern of menstruation—without making Liz's obsession with the workings of her body cloying or claustrophobic. Combining lyricism with humour and toughness, and with a striking use of simile, she offers a series of stimulating images of the female biological make-up. Not everyone will be able to share the intensity of her interest; but Liz's moving experiences as she undergoes exploration by laparoscope and X-ray will leave others with renewed respect for the mysterious complexities of their own bodies.

Liz is likable and intelligent, a London literary agent (inevitably a connection is made between her own failure to conceive and her success in nurturing other people's brainchildren); the job itself apparently involves little more than reading manuscripts and going to publishers' parties) who possesses in fairly large measure the ability to laugh at herself. She certainly needs it. Once a week she attends her women's discussion group—the glimpses given here tend to confirm an outsider's misgivings about such events. Each of the sisters blinkered by her own particular angle on the feminist struggle, underestimates Liz's growing despair; instead pressure is put on her to make a political statement of her experiences at the clinic, to stir mutual support sessions with the other women attending it, and to fight the medical profession's assumed right to control of her body. Understandably, her marriage to Ian is under strain already, made all the more complicated by his former homosexuality. The implications of Dr Morshall's suggestion that the root cause of Liz's infertility is psychological threaten to bring the whole thing crashing down.

For Liz is already carrying around a great burden of guilt: that she was in process of losing her virginity the night her father suffered a fatal stroke; that, trying to punish him, she turned her *time* at Oxford into a promiscuous gallop from bed to bed. Some of this comes rather too neatly tailored, and some of Liz's implied assumptions—that gays are a great deal more sensitive than the straights, for example—can be irritating. But Sara Maitland has the gift of making the reader care about what she is writing about, and already possesses an enviable assurance and range of technique, equally evident in her subtle uncovering of Liz's slow realization that, after a lifetime of jealousy and suspicion, she actually rather likes her mother, as in her recollection, in some powerfully written passages, of the pain of those bitter symbols of barren womanhood, Rachel and Elizabeth, as well as of the glory of Mary's triumph over the biological facts. Three short stories published in 1974 in Faber's *Introduction* series revealed Sara Maitland's interest in women's historical role, an interest these passages echo. *Daughter of Jerusalem* shows her overwhelming concern for the contemporary situation, and shows, too, how rewardingly she has been able to extend herself in the longer format of the novel.

Sisters in catharsis

By Stuart Sutherland

ZOE FAIRBAIRNS, SARA MAITLAND, VALERIE MINER, MICHELE ROBERTS, MICHELENE WANDOR:
Tales I Tell My Mother.
161pp. The Journeymeo Press. £2.50.

"Sekl" once remarked that "The Ark had probably not quitted its moorings five minutes before some feminine voice gloatingly recorded a shortage of bird-seed." In Tales I Tell *My Mother*, five feminine, or rather feminist, voices are to be heard gloatingly recording misfortunes, albeit on a grander scale.

The numerous prologues make daunting reading and give the impression that the authors regard politics as an end rather than a means. The stories are "variations on one theme: the Women's Movement as spiritual-psychological-sexual-ideological catharsis"; "feminist fiction drews subject, theme end language from an imaginative collectivity of readers end writers"; "art end activism, are not contradictory, but mutually inclusive"; "the future can only be built from the one now"; "art permits types of expression to some writers that could not be manifested in any other way".

For the most part, the fifteen stories themselves escape the banality and pretentiousness of such exegetic remarks. They record, with perhaps too much attention to trivia, the dilemmas of contemporary women, including the conflict of interest between work and family, the sexual exploitation, the idle male boss who takes all the credit for the brilliant work of his female assistant, and the annoyance of finding that London Transport makes no provision for the little "Ms" on a season ticket.

The women portrayed are an introverted lot; they agonize about "relationships", and are given to other forms of psychobabble. In a fable based on the Odyssey, Penelope contemplates on her marriage: "Not many people have three years of genuine growth with as much happiness as we did." Many of the stories are, however, morbidly accurate and most are remarkably fair to the enemy: indeed, the male sex often emerges as rather likable in a weak, easy-going way. Moreover, women are themselves occasionally pilloried: for example, for their inability to tolerate political disagreement without personal rancour—or is this failure to be ascribed to the sinister forces of "social conditioning"?

Criminal proceedings

By T. J. Binyon

EDWARD ABBEY:
The Monkey Wrench Gang
352pp. Edinburgh: Canongate. £5.95.

Dr Sarvis, who spends his evenings amputating bill-boards, beautiful Ms Bonnie Abbzug from the Bronx, George Washington Haydike, former Green Beret and Vietnam veteran, and Seldom Seen Smith, a Jack Mormon (a Jack Mormon is to a decent Mormon what a jackrabbit is to a cottontail) with only three wives, form a neo-Luddite brotherhood and set out to rescue Utah and the neighbouring states from industrialisation and ecological blight, cutting wire, sabotaging machinery, and blowing bridges and railroads. Far too long and self-indulgent, *The Monkey Wrench Gang* is nevertheless compulsively readable and extremely funny: a must for any eco-freak's reading list.

J. R. L. ANDERSON:
Death in the Greenhouse
196pp. Gollancz. £4.25.

The murder of Eustace Quenenden, a retired member of the African colonial service and a distinguished botanist—his *Flora of Equatorial Africa* is still a standard work on the plant-life of the region—takes Colonel Peter Blair, of the Home Office Police Liaison Department, on a chase from the Berkshire Downs to the Central African republic of Mynga, where he discovers the significance of the hitherto unknown plant *adamantifero Quenendensis*. Readers with a classical education might catch on more quickly. A quiet, solid and pleasantly unpretentious novel; a slight pity that Blair, for once, does not get an opportunity to do some dressing about in boats.

MICHAEL GILBERT:
The Empty House
221pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £4.50.

After the apparent suicide of Dr Alex Wolfe, an important geneticist working at a biological warfare research station, Peter Mancipie, a young employee of Phelps, King & Trayte, Insurance Adjusters, is sent down to the West Country to look into his death. He soon finds himself caught between three opposed and bloody-minded forces, all of whom are very interested in discovering what has happened to Dr Wolfe. A gift for filling away and recalling facts, together with a healthy slice of luck, enables Peter to find the solution to the mystery and emerge at the end relatively unscathed. This is Michael Gilbert at his best: he knows exactly what he is trying to do, and achieves it triumphantly: a solid plot, an intelligent, civilized and witty style, a sympathetic hero, a good West Country background, and a narrative that is intriguing down to the last comma.

WILLIAM HAGGARD:
Visit to Limbo
201pp. Cassell. £4.50.

Colonel Charles Russell, former head of Security Executive, takes a holiday in Israel and inevitably becomes caught up in a plot cooked up by an idealistic Palestinian and a right-wing Israeli admiral to achieve two seemingly incompatible goals: lead for the Arabs and oil for Israel. High-level power plays are dealt with as urbanely as usual, but Dizengoff Street is not Saint James's, and Russell seems a mere deputy throughout the novel.

JOSEPH HANSON:
The Man Everybody Was Afraid Of
256pp. Faber. £4.50.

Dave Brandstetter, homosexual claims investigator for Medallion Life, his father's insurance company, looks into the death of Leo Orton, police chief of the little Californian town of La Calata. There are possibly rather too many young men in crushed gold velvet jumpsuits open to the navel wandering around to suit everybody's taste, but the plot is finely-spun and intricate, the Californian background blocked in skilfully, and the whole put together with an intelligent and sensitive style.

JACK HIGGINS:
Day of Judgment
224pp. Collins. £4.95.

On the eve of President Kennedy's visit to Berlin in 1963 the East Germans kidnap Father Sean Conlin, who has been running the League of the Resurrection, smuggling people from the East to the West. They plan to brainwash him into admitting complicity with the CIA, thus undermining the President's goodwill trip. Luckily the Vatican and the White House learn of their intentions in time to put, strictly unofficially, a makeshift team into the field, consisting of a Second World War intelligence expert, a former major in the British army called the Beast of Selanger, a Jewish undertaker, a Luftwaffe pilot, an American Jesuit and a number of Franciscan monks. Slack plotting and an implausible story make this Jack Higgins's least successful novel so far.

ALAN HUNTER:
Gently to a Sleep
172pp. Cassell. £4.50.

Walter Reynes, rich, old, hard-drinking East Coast boat-builder, pulls strings and gets Chief Superintendent Gently to investigate the death of his illegitimate son: the official verdict is suicide, but Reynes believes it to have been murder. Gently, New Scotland Yard's answer to Maigret, puffs his pipe, soaks up the atmosphere, and empathizes his way to a solution. The impressionistic technique is mannered, but it works well, and is combined with a good picture of a family writhing under the patriarch's yoke.

ANTONY MELVILLE ROSS:
Blindfold
223pp. Collins. £4.95.

Trelawny, an ex-submariner with a high insubordination rating, is recruited into British Intelligence and, after initial training, is sent out to Libya to run interference for an important operation. A little rough and implausible in places, but nevertheless a tough and exciting thriller with a good desert background. One certainly hopes to hear more of Trelawny.

FRANK PARRISH:
Sting of the Honeybee
191pp. Constable. £3.95.

In Frank Parrish's second book about Dan Mallett, his West-Country-bank-manager-turned-poacher hero, Dan tangles with a psychopathic bookie who brings some London heavies down into the country to help him take over a small estate run by two septuagenarian sisters. Dan is an interesting and original hero, the two sisters—daughters of an Indian Army colonel—are pluck to the backbone, there is plenty of action, and the whole takes place against a closely observed and lovingly described countryside background.

MARK WASHBURN:
The Armageddon Game
352pp. Peter Davies. £4.90.

Sam Boggs, once an assistant professor of chemistry at Berkeley, now a professional bomb-maker for terrorist groups, is lying on a beach in Torremolinos with sun-bunny Heidi, when he is offered a million dollars to build an atomic bomb. An offer which—when accompanied by a threat or two—is difficult to refuse, and soon Sam is packing plutonium into a beryllium sphere and moulding plastic explosive round the outside. A good beginning and plausible technical gaff are let down in the later stages of the novel.

Nobel oblige

By David Robinson

MARIO PUZO:
Fools Die
473pp. Heinemann. £5.95.

Fools Die shows the strain of what must be the hardest part of being a commercial best-seller of the rank of Mario Puzo: to keep on writing best-sellers when success and its financial rewards have relieved you of the compulsion to stay at the hard grind of producing them. Puzo's central figure, romantically autobiographical, is Merlyn the Kid, a novelist whose conviction of his own necromancy survives the death of all those nearest to him. His real hero, though, seems rather Osano, the burnt-out genius—sick, gross, womanizing, unbalanced—whose nightmare is the quarter of a million words out of which his masterpiece, his Nobel novel, must be made. Much of *Fools Die* reads like a battle with the same numerical nightmare.

In the despair of the battle Puzo seems to have ignored two of his own much-quoted cardinal rules for writing a best-seller. "Never use the first person", he advises; but does so constantly. "Rewriting is the whole secret of writing"; but this looks as if it was not even reread. A motion or a notebook phrase will turn up almost unaltered fifty pages on. Puzo writes like a compulsive talker. His characters reflect endlessly upon themselves and one another, but without actually analysing anything. The reader is obliged to put in a lot of labour to extract the matter from the thing.

Merlyn is fascinated by gamblers, and the first and best section of *Fools Die* is set in Las Vegas. Puzo's forte is the neo-documentary background; and, should you care, his portrayal of Las Vegas has the appearance of authenticity. A beautiful and costly customer relations service designed to satisfy every animal appetite, not least the sexual and not excluding the most bizarre, is the trick to keep the gamblers in the casino, where the percentages can never betray the operator. The decorous veneer of the Vegas world is thin: those who cease to be loyal or useful tend to find their deficiency fatal.

One of the graver deficiencies of the novel is a total lack of timescale or comparison. The period strays vaguely from the end of the Second World War to the present, though people do not seem to grow older. In this limbo, Merlyn successively buns about the casino, works for the draft board, and gets into a racket which helps to subsidize his career as a writer. Success takes him to Hollywood, and there you feel a roman à clef, based on Puzo's profitable frustrations in moribund, is intended. When you attempt to play the game (the brilliant young prodigy producer, for instance, is evidently an amalgam of the late Irving Thalberg and the living Francis Ford Coppola, director of *The Godfather*) you become increasingly conscious of how approximate and stereotyped the picture is: Clara Ford, the brilliant and influential intellectual critic, is quite patently meant to be Pauline Kael; but only the unfashionable handbag is convincingly recognizable. Puzo's own limits as a prose writer are never more evident than when he attempts pastiche.

It is rather worse when Puzo invents a chapter of Osano's Great Nobel Novel, which he regards so highly that he uses it twice, once as a kind of motto to the book. It begins: "Listen to me. I will tell you the truth about a man's life. I will tell you the truth about his love for women. That he never hates them. Already you think I'm on the wrong track. Stay with me. Really—I'm a master of magic. . . ." The least that can be said is that it is a preferable fate to read the quarter million words of *Fools Die* than it would be to read Puzo's notion of a Great Novel.

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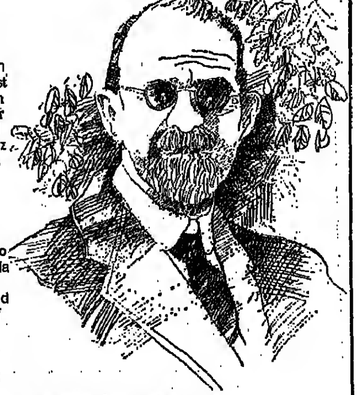

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In the Eden of civility

By Michael Schmidt

CHARLES TOMLINSON :
Selected Poems 1951-1974
149pp. Oxford University Press. £4.95.
The Shaft
63pp. Oxford University Press. £2.50.

In "Small Action Poem" (1966) Charles Tomlinson introduces Chapin "shaking music from the fingers". Chapin's art was second nature to him. Tomlinson is not that sort of artist. He is to an unusual degree fastidious. In *The Shaft*, his latest collection, there are poems which he characterizes as "bagatelles"—a genre he has frequently exploited, most memorably in *American Scenes* (1966) which gives the lie to those critics who dismiss him as "humourless". Tomlinson's humour is broad, short on fashionable local wit but rich in human observation. Yet the bagatelles are marginal in Tomlinson's work. At the centre is not anecdote but an acute perception of a common world with a history, a world of movement and process—two of his favourite words. The poetry is as much about perception as about the things perceived. Variety of experience is reflected in a variety of forms, tones and techniques which must strike anyone who picks up the new *Selected Poems 1951-1974* or *The Shaft*.

There is a unity of tone and theme throughout this diversity, but at the same time an impressive technical development from the fluid tones of the first books to a more complex and rewarding orchestration. That development reaches its climax in poems of a directly civic character, especially the recent poems about the French Revolution which develop ideas first introduced in "The Ruin" and "Up at La Serra" (1963) and then, memorably, in "Prometheus" and "Assassin" (1969). Out of an aesthetic sharply opposed both to the excesses of neo-Romantic writing and to the defeatism of the ironizing school emerged a politics whose cardinal virtues are suggested in the words "civility", "style", "balance", "justice", "reconciliation" and "praise", terms for a private as well as a public code of action and perception.

It is not hard to think ourselves back to the poetic world of the early 1950s into which Tomlinson stepped as a writer. A rising generation was retuning to its immediate antecedents. Against an exhausted Bohemia and the popular rhetoric of Dylan Thomas, some young poets made head (as literary journalism has it) under the banner of the Movement. They set out to slay overstatement with irony, free-verse with tidy quatrains, banishing surrealism and the naked subconscious with bold declarations about common sense. Their irony was a stylistic device, not a thematic verity, and it proved a short-cut to a form of dishonesty more English, but quite as pernicious, as that of their rhetorical predecessors: the dishonesty of understatement, truncated response replacing the untempered surge of feeling. It was all in the language. The struggle of modernists such as Pound to renew the direct connection between words and the world of things and actions they named was of little consequence to them. Poetry was something one did with words, not something that one's words did with the primary world.

Tomlinson chose an alternative strategy. He did not suffer from the xenophobia of his young contemporaries. He could not swallow that famous maxim: "Nobody wants any more poems about foreign cities". Amongst the discarded 1940s poets he found Keith Douglas, by whom he could take his bearings. And going further back, he found Edward Thomas. Looking abroad, in the work of Ungoretti, Tyuchev, Valéry, Marianne Moore and Wallace Stevens—as later of William Carlos Williams, Antonio Machado and Octavio Paz—he perceived alternatives to the narrow field his contemporaries were tilling. Their new decorum of subject-matter and tone pointed towards that now familiar genre, the Welfare State poem. Tomlinson shared with them, however, a distrust for the 1940s rhetoricians. He identified his distrust not in the quality of their statements or their sense of role but in the overbearing quality of their rhythms. Instead of irony, Tomlinson chose rhythmic modulation as his method of establishing due proportion and balance in his art. His eyes, and to a large extent still is, a phrased rather than a cadenced poetry. His rhythmic strategy meant that he retained the option of vers libre, the thematic resources of dream, and the technical resources of modernism. Tone and voice vary with the subject, and his entire effort is to "accord to objects their own existence", not to use objects or images in the service of a predetermined statement or form.

Yet the expression itself is precisely determined, each effect gauged to reveal some aspect of the object in its process of existing. Nowhere is this deliberateness more evident than in the rhythms themselves, always subtly managed. Take these five lines from "Winter-Piece":

Gates snap like gunshot
as you handle them. Five-barred fragility
sets flying fifteen ronks who go together
Silently ravenous above this winter-piece
that will not feed them.

The third line is iambic, a pentameter with an extra unstressed syllable. It is the line of action, the flight of the birds. The rhythmically irregular phrased lines before and after build up to and then down from the action, set the scene and then resolve it. The manipulation of rhythms eases the image into action, and then into significance.

Such deliberate expression is no easy achievement, and the early poems are so carefully groomed that they occasionally achieve precisely rather than a broader precision. Tomlinson had a point to make against his more publicly successful contemporaries. Various traits of the new ironies repelled him: their resignation, their middle-class emui, their declared philistinism and their social condescension, the affectation of speaking for and as the common man. His early work was, I believe, distorted by an indignation which has never entirely left him. The distortion is towards a refinement which looks at times mannered, a scrupulous numbering of the streaks of the tulip.

He had not experienced in youth "the soft oppression of prosperity". Born in Stoke-on-Trent in 1927 into a working-class household, he made his way by scholarships to Cambridge. At each step music, works of art, films, the literature he encountered took him by surprise. He was drawn forward by the excitement of discovery. His "culture", like his aesthetic, is not an accidental advantage of birth but to a large extent acquired and assembled. Nothing is: second nature to him. Even the natural world he has witnessed to is a chosen rather than a native environment. He returns to Stoke in elegiac, not nostalgic vein. It is not only travel that lends an exotic element to his poems of place, for even the English countryside is strange and new in the entirely unsentimental nature it reveals to him. His images he tries to disentangle as much as possible from the subjective perceiver. "Having mislaid it, and then found it again in a changed mind, The image", he said, rhythms and Tomlinson's processes leads to serious difficulties. Tomlinson is, in the best sense, a literary poet, while Thomas is, as a thing but that. When Thomas borrows de la Mare's "Cloud Mirror" he is to appropriate the image entirely in his poem. When Tomlinson borrows "Old Man" he uses too boldly the tag of its provenance. Such lapses in Tomlinson are not frequent, and *The Shaft* includes, especially in the "Histories" and "In Arden" sections, what must be among his best work to date.

The continuity of concern in Tomlinson's work is of a kind to associate with Ruskin or Adrian Stokes. "The Ruin" (1960) and "Prometheus" (1969) complement each other across a decade. "At Holwell Farm" (1960) and "Movements (iv)" (1972) worry at the same, fundamentally Tomlinsonian theme of creative perception, in different terms but with distinct rhythmic affinities. In these poems, the civic theme emerges from a complex of particular perception and images, suggesting the quality of imagination which is discontinuing and in a valid sense conservative. At every stage of the poem the merely subjective is frustrated; there is no wilful distortion of the perceived or the historical world, rather an attempt to realize it in all its complexity: poetry as sculpture, the poet approaching now from one angle and now from another. As well as "Prometheus" and "Up at La Serra", "Assassin", "The Way In", and in the new book the formally rhetorical poems about Danton, Marat, Charlotte Corday and Jacques Louis David reveal an acute apprehension of human motive and consequence, the particular action and the general effect.

These poems seem to me to be part of Tomlinson's outstanding achievement, with a broad pertinence. These poems, and Tomlinson's philosophical ruminations on perception and imagination, such as "Movements" from *Written on Water* (1972), continue to strike me as his best. They achieve that sensuous thought he strives for in our recalcitrant English. The "In Arden" section of *The Shaft* comes closer to defining Tomlinson's Eden of civility and balance than any of his earlier work. His Eden is a distillation, not a fabrication.

The new *Selected Poems* ends abruptly in 1974. Readers will still need to possess *The Way In* (1974) and—if they can get it—*Written on Water*. In selecting his work, Tomlinson has destroyed some of his best sequences, including "Movements", which is a pity. One laments other absent friends: "The Impossibilities" "Return to Hinton" "The Fox", "Processes", etc. Still, it is a generous selection—with about a hundred and fifty poems and a clutch of translations, and if one wishes that the publisher had extended himself to a *Collected*, that is only to pay tribute to a poet whose work is never less than engaging and in its varied subjects and techniques—often illuminating to an unusual degree, visionary with precision. The vision is of our common world seen as if for the first time.

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New light on Eclipse

By Herbert Mitgang

JAMES M. GAVIN :
On to Berlin
Battles of an Airborne Commander 1943-1946
356pp. New York: Viking Press $11.95.

There is so much valuable material in James M. Gavin's *On to Berlin* that the reader should not be put off by the title. The onetime leader of the 82nd Airborne Division has written a book that underscores what few combatants or civilians realized about the touchy military-political decisions in the European theatre of operations: the Second World War was fought simultaneously on three different, often conflicting levels. The first was the familiar groundling's-eye view, where the blast of war was heard and felt; the second the generals' war, where British and American officers were frequently divided on the means of throwing back the Nazi invaders but not on the need to do so; the third, the lonely, visible geopolitical war, involving Churchill, Roosevelt, and the grey eminence, Stalin, looking towards the long consequences of victory.

Thanks to the Roosevelt-Churchill correspondence published in the past few years, we now know that broadly speaking Roosevelt was primarily interested in winning the war and Churchill in winning the peace. One example: when, in order to restore the Greek king to the throne, Churchill ordered his field commander "to destroy or neutralize" all communist forces including the partisans who had helped to liberate their own country, Roosevelt responded, "As anxious as I am to be of the greatest help to you in this trying situation, there are limitations imposed in part by the traditional policies of the United States and in part by the mounting adverse reaction of public opinion in this country".

As for Uncle Joe (or as their messages sometimes simply called him, "U. J."), the riddle inside the enigma of the tyrant's mind can never be known; but it is possible that FDR's more cavalier view of him in wartime decisions was more useful than Churchill's suspicions. I am inclined to agree with A. J. P. Taylor's assessment in his "How Wars Begin" talks on BBC1 last year that Stalin did not want to sweep across Europe and create communist states per se; but that "Soviet policy wanted security. The defeat of Germany, the weakening of Germany and then the building up of a ring of satellite states which would ensure the Soviet Union's security".

It is fascinating, therefore, to turn to General Gavin's *On to Berlin* and see how this indisputably great parachute commander regarded the final drive to the capital of the Third Reich. For here, all three levels of war converged. Surprisingly, the Normandy planning did not look as far as Berlin. General Eisenhower's mission, when the Allied forces left England, was simply to land in France, envelop the Ruhr, and "clean out the remainder of Germany". General Gavin writes that Operation Eclipse—the capture of Berlin with the First Allied Airborne Army in the vanguard—was not taken seriously until some two months before the city was conquered by the Russians.

A more startling revelation in *On to Berlin* is that—despite fighting and dying together in North Africa and across Europe—the American commanders did not want to share the details of Operation Eclipse with their allies. General Gavin declares: "Militarily, the plan was simple, but its execution was another matter. It was imperative that it be kept from the British, and that the British be kept in the dark as to what Eisenhower's real intentions were."

Here the next level entered—and General Gavin maintains that General Eisenhower was kept in the dark himself about what his superiors wished him to do, and did not have the political wisdom to seize Berlin before the Russians. Confusion about Berlin reigned at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers in Europe. Amazingly, General Eisenhower cabled Stalin directly about coordinating the final drive, which led to complaints from the British commanders; they expressed the view that "the main thrust should be made across the open plain of Germany with the object of capturing Berlin".

Churchill, too, complained to Roosevelt that the British Chiefs of Staff were being ignored; that Eisenhower was wrong in shifting the axis of attack southward and not towards Berlin; and that "if the Russians take Berlin, will not their impression that they have been the overwhelming contributor to our common victory be unduly imprinted in their minds, and may not this lead them into a mood which will raise grave and formidable difficulties in the future?"

General Gavin strongly believes that Eisenhower should have permitted the Allied forces to capture Berlin and shorten the war—and, in effect, suggests that he was not the great Supreme Allied Commander he was cracked up to be. Worse, General Eisenhower changed his story from what was actually known about his anti-Berlin views in the field order to court favour with Republican politicians when he was running for President.

The son of a coal-miner, Gavin was a young captain in 1941 when he volunteered for the parachute school at Fort Benning, Georgia. Eventually he took a regiment into Sicily, engaging in combat operations that were catch-as-catch-can and depended on sheer ability to survive and fight another day. The beachhead established on the island has never appeared more tenuous than in this account. Unlike other American commanders who later found fault with their British colleagues, General Gavin is admiring—from Sicily onwards.

The book is filled with keen word-pictures of the generals who have since been deified; occasionally General Gavin is overly generous about some of the equivocal commanders, such as General Mark W. Clark, the Fifth Army leader in Italy. The distance of time permits the author to see Field Marshal Montgomery in the round:

As a great adulterer of Montgomery, both as a soldier and as a person, I do not believe that he ever understood how he was seen by the Americans. His name may have been a "household word" to the British, as Churchill expressed it, but to the Americans he was a man of colossal ego who always insisted upon getting the bulk of the resources before commencing a battle and then fighting a very conservative battle, phase line by phase line, after it began.

Although *On to Berlin* is written by a general, the nature of airborne operations makes it a groundling's book too. Gavin, jumping with the first "stick" in Italy, Normandy and Holland, had to "stitch the things together, summon up the blood, disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage" like any Other Rank or infantman. He, and that other legendary American paratroop commander, General Matthew B. Ridgway, often found themselves leading and thousands of fellow-troopers but only dozens in the crucial hours after the green light went on and they fell to earth. They were totally unlike the British donkey-generals in the trench warfare of the First World War, described so devastatingly in Alan Clark's *The Donkeys*. They did not graze: they fed.

And yet Generals Gavin and Ridgway were more than warriors, they were men who grew in uniform, and who respected civilian authority. Part of their loving education was their experience of the Nazi concentration camps. "One could smell the Wobelein Concentration Camp before seeing it", General Gavin writes. "And seeing it was more than a human being could stand. Even after three years of war it brought tears to my eyes." General Gavin fed the camp's inmates and ordered the leading German citizens to dig the graves for those who had died of starvation and ill-treatment.

The gentle Junker

By Ronald Lewin

ROWLAND RYDER :
Ravenstein
Portrait of a German General
214 pp. Hamish Hamilton. £7.95.

Ravenstein. One always recalled him as the general on leave with Rommel in Rome: when they emerged from the opera Rommel's first words were: "Von Ravenstein, we must shift those battalions in the Maddalena sector." What, one felt, could his reaction have been to such insensitive Swabian gaucherie? Now, thanks to Rowland Ryder's devoted reconstruction, one can imagine the distaste with which an uncharacteristically intellectual and aesthetic Prussian soldier, once a page at the Imperial Court, listened to his master, indeed, to ask and be able to answer the question: tells one a good deal about Hans von Ravenstein who, apart from von Senger and Ensrlin, least conforms to the image of a German general, whether in the conventional hatchet-face of propaganda or even a commander of quality like Guderian or Manstein or Kesselring. He was civilized.

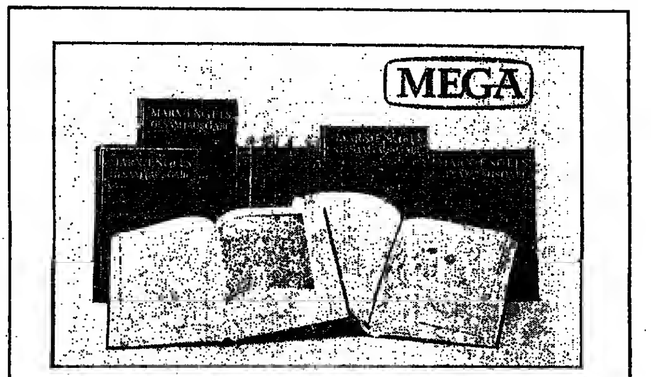
To military historians von Ravenstein is known mainly for his brief but dashing command of 21 Panzer Division in North Africa, efficient during Rommel's summer victory in 1941 and captured by the New Zealanders in November, a casualty of the British offensive we called Crusader. He has the stump of a soldier whose ceiling might have been higher had he continued to command; though such speculations are vain; moreover, from what Mr Ryder discloses of his temperament he is perhaps a better bet to suppose that he would have been a strong candidate for membership of the Nuremberg trial, and that instead of living until 1962 the routine death-book and prisons were might have finished him in 1944. Certainly he was put on the list of Hitler's men to be shot when von Stauffenberg's bomb went off.

His career has few peaks: like Rommel a daring young infantry leader, he won the *Mérite* in 1918; after his capture, prison camps in South Africa and Canada; a few post-war profiles. The real interest lies in the man—a man of scruple, education and refinement—whom we might never have met had not Mr Ryder made the introduction. It is a curious and touching story. When the general was being held in Cairo for interrogation, Ryder was posted as one of his guards. Since that distant day he has assiduously tracked down the prisoner's private papers, his widow, his friends and wartime opponents.

When he was a captive at Pietermaritzburg in 1942—where the landscape surprisingly reminded him of Caspar Friedrich—he wrote in his diary:

My ideal is peace, not war, Nietzsche denies welfare and quiet happiness. My main emotion is love and not hate. Coexistence of people and nations is only possible on the basis of mutual consideration. How false is the thesis of earthly life and the importance of the body; the soldier who often stands beside a dead comrade knows this. The only consolation is to be found in the hope of life hereafter; I confess myself to Christianity, humanity and love of God and men.

I do not think that this was written from the abasement of prison and defeat, nor has it the self-justificatory tang of Albert Speer's diaries written *urbi et orbi*. The ship in which von Ravenstein was being transported from Tobruk was torpedoed. After a long struggle in a violent sea he shared his plank with an exhausted youth, "the German general repeating in imperfect English the Lord's Prayer with the English private". It is the same voice. A man for most seasons.



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In place of ideocracy

By Geoffrey Hosking

MICHAEL MEERSON-AKSENOV and BORIS SHRAGIN (Editors) :
The Political, Social and Religious Thought of Russian "Samizdat" An Anthology
624pp. Belmont, Mass: Nordland. $29.50.

The appearance, not so long ago, of the *samizdat* symposium *From Under the Rubble*, edited by Solzhenitsyn and Shafarevich, elicited a rather muffled and uncertain response in the West. The uncertainty was probably caused by the fact that the collection represented, in effect, the middle of a debate which had been going on for some years in the Soviet intellectual underground. The reader coming unprepared to it sees names and concepts being hurled back and forth without introduction or explanation, arguments taken up halfway through and then broken off inconclusively a little further on. The baffled Westerner may well be excused for deciding that the whole thing is either trivial, obstruse or completely above his head.

In fact, however, there is good reason for paying attention to what is being said. The debate follows the perceived failure of the "democratic" or "civil rights" movement in the Soviet Union in the mid and late 1960s. The outburst of protests and open letters dating from the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel in February 1966 died down during 1969-70, following the Warsaw Pact occupation of Czechoslovakia and the throttling of the reform movement there. Hopes of influencing the Soviet government to adopt the kind of legality embodied in its own constitution had been shown to be illusory, at least for the foreseeable future. Opposition groups began to draw in upon themselves, to reflect on what they had learnt, and also to formulate programmes for the future—something everybody had refrained from doing during the protest campaigns, in the interest of unity. And indeed the formulation of programmes did soon bring to light considerable differences of opinion. Some of the fruits of this debate are already well known in the West: Amalrik's *Will the Soviet Union Survive until 1984?*, Roy Medvedev's *On Socialist Democracy*, Sakharov's *My Country and the World*, Solzhenitsyn's *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*, and *From Under the Rubble*. However, important links in the chain have been missing, and it is the major contribution of this anthology to give us a much fuller picture than has hitherto been available of the variety of viewpoints represented in Russian samizdat thought (apart from a brief section on the Jews, the book does not attempt to cover the non-Russian nationalities). The only two trends some will be surprised not to find here are orthodox Marxism-Leninism and the New Left—for the perfectly good reason that the first is no longer capable of engaging in genuine debate, and the second scarcely exists in the Soviet Union.

For all its many shortcomings, however, this anthology does have a focus, and that is a collection of articles written in 1969-70 and circulated under the general title of *Metanoia*. (It was against some of those articles that Solzhenitsyn directed his polemics in *From Under the Rubble*.) The title means "change of heart" or "repentance". In using it the authors are signalling their indebtedness to Sergei Bulgakov, who used it in an essay of 1911, and to the pre-Revolutionary symposium *Landmarks (Vekhi)*, which called on the Russian intelligentsia to study the failure of the 1905 revolution, not just in order to learn narrow lessons of political tactics, but to unearth within themselves deep-rooted spiritual defects which made them incapable of genuinely creative work, even in the interests of the *narod*, whom they so much wanted to serve. Two generations later, in the late 1960s, the same questions suddenly seemed very immediate once again. By that time the Russian intelligentsia had played a major part both in creating the Soviet communist regime and then in leading a kind of opposition to it. But neither communism nor the attempts to restrain it had succeeded, certainly not in the ways envisaged. In fact the intelligentsia was, if you like, recapitulating its historical failure over and over again.

The contributors to *Metanoia* attempt to diagnose this failure. O. Altaev (most of the names are pseudonyms) sees the fundamental weakness in the intelligentsia's persistent tendency to espouse utopian and even eschatological visions, utterly unrealizable in practice, but temporarily very intoxicating. V. Gorsky traces this phenomenon deep into Russian history, to the idea of "Moscow the third Rome": Russian governments and intellectuals, he feels, in unholy symbiosis (and even while loathing each other) have constantly revived the secularized messianism contained in monk Filofei's doctrine. This secularized messianism inevitably degenerates, in Gorsky's view, into crude power politics: hence the persistent tendency for Russian religious ideals to turn into an overbearing and ruthless imperialism—a tendency which both the Tsarist and Soviet regimes amply exemplify. Altaev sees the latest version of this temptation as "technocracy", the idea of a modernized, rational, prosperous and well-organized society, which has gripped wide circles of both intellectuals and intellectuals in the 1960s and 1970s. K. Zhitnikov, indeed, maintains that the Democratic Movement failed precisely because it took on this "technocratic" bias, close to Khrushchev's brand of reform communism, whose aims were self-contradictory and in any case unacceptable to most of the party-state apparat.

Discontented with the existing regime, but having no independent ideals to fall back on, the intellectual, in the eyes of Altaev, is condemned to a "dual consciousness"—or more or less what Orwell called "doublethink". He suppresses what his conscience tells him, for the greater good of the "people" or the "state"; he denies obvious truths because they do not accord with the ideology; and in the end, in fact, he does these things for no better reason than that the state is his employer and to do otherwise means losing his livelihood in a hopeless cause.

The profoundest contribution to the debate which *Metanoia* aroused is an essay of 1973 by D. Nolldov, which addresses itself directly to the problem of "doublethink". Nolldov asserts that it is wrong to regard the Democratic Movement as having been a failure, for its nature was not really political at all, and therefore its achievements cannot be measured in political terms. It was more of a spiritual witness, an existential demonstration of the fact that it was possible to live without "doublethink". The Soviet system Nolldov describes as an "ideocracy", that is to say (literally) "rule by an ideology". It is not the actual meaning of the ideology that is important, simply its existence. Khrushchev and Brezhnev, ideological commissions and five-year plans, editors of *Pravda* and Marshals of the Soviet Union all come and go, glorified puppets, but the ideology remains, a system not of meaning but of programmed stimulus and response—stimuli emitted by the regime, responses evoked in the population—the whole permanent symbolic pageant being presided over by the embalmed figure of Lenin. As a Soviet poster says with unintended irony: "Lenin is more alive than all the living." (This vision, incidentally, is what underlies the huge recent novel, tract, treatise, or whatever one should call it, of Alexander Zinoviev, *The Yawning Heights*, soon to be published in English.)

"Ideocracy", then, is a strange and unexpected confirmation of Marx's concept of "reification": man's ideas stand over against him and oppress him. Perhaps we should not be all that surprised, bearing in mind the historical examples of the medieval Catholic Church and the Calvinist city-state. But if the concept corresponds to reality, then the way to fight such a system is not to grapple with its external manifestations, but rather to reassert the integrity of one's being against the duplicity it demands. This is what, Nolldov argues, the Democratic Movement did. People said what they actually thought; that was the essence of the matter. Once that began to happen on a more than negligible scale, and once it became widely known, then the mechanism of stimulus and response was shown up as bogus (as most people had dimly suspected all along): "doublethink", after all, is a tribute to the residual sense of reality that most people retain, otherwise the result of "ideocracy" would be "monothink"). If ideas can enslave men, ideas can also free them.

Emancipation from "ideocracy", the reassertion of one's spiritual integrity, is certainly, consciously or unconsciously, the preoccupation of nearly all the writers represented in this anthology. Of course their searches take them along different paths. For Chalidze the notion of the "free personality" must receive clear social expression in the consistent application of the rule of law—a task whose difficulties he has enumerated in exhaustive treatises from which only a sample can be given here. For Lev Voronov (pseudonym of one of the editors, Boris Shragin) the essential is to think clearly, write and express oneself, "to bring our contribution to national and world culture, converting our tragic existence into universal knowledge, experience and form"; in other words to do precisely what the intelligentsia is well equipped to do, instead of dabbling in schemes of universal salvation.

Others have seen their mission as being to rescue Russian national culture from the *Gleichschaltung* attempted by an ostensibly internationalist communist state. This has sparked off some sharp disagreements about the nature of the Russian heritage: Solzhenitsyn in *From Under the Rubble* attacked Altaev and Gorsky for what he saw as their contemptuous attitude towards national traditions. But his thought too derives from *Vekhi* and ascribes great importance to "repentance", so the differences may be more apparent than real. At any rate, those who think Solzhenitsyn a militant nationalist will find here a sample of the genuine article, an outburst of red-blooded Russian chauvinism, thickened by anti-semitism, worthy of the lampoons of the pro-Revolutionary Black Hundreds. This is not a serious contribution to any dialogue, but it is as well that the Western reader should be reminded that this kind of current exists in the Soviet Union. Sakharov and Medvedev have both expressed the fear that it may form the basis for a post-communist regime.

Many Russian intellectuals in recent years have sought their identity in the Orthodox Church, and the last section of the anthology is devoted to their dilemmas. Many of them (including Solzhenitsyn) have been disappointed by the church's apparent servility to the atheist state and have suffered agonizing doubts about the nature of their new-found refuge. Mikhail Meerson-Aksenov provides a long historical disquisition, and takes his explanation back a very long way indeed, to the origins of the Byzantine church. Ever since Constantine, he argues, the church has had to partake of the functions of the state, and has thereby taken on pagan and gnostic features. It is not just that it has become more like the state, but also that it has suffered an internal split between the laity, who hurry into the church building to take their routine and passive part in the service, and the clergy, who act as though they possessed exclusive and superior knowledge of the mysteries the church dispenses. Those who wish to cultivate genuine holiness have to withdraw from the worldliness of the existing church into the monasteries. Thus, secularized and weakened ever since the fourth century, the church has been bound, and all too often subjugated, to the Byzantine, Muscovite, Russian and Soviet states in turn: as the final humiliation, the hierarchy has found it possible to accommodate itself even to the doctrinal atheism of the Soviet system.

These arguments draw to some extent on Slavophile thinking of the nineteenth century, but revise and extend it drastically, applying criticisms the Slavophiles made of the Roman Catholic Church. When Meerson-Aksenov says is to fare even more reminiscent of the declarations of late medieval heretics and the scholars of the Reformation—the only way out for a demoralized, primitive and scriptural Christianity still suffused with the unworldly spirit of Christ himself, it is possible, indeed, that something analogous to the Reformation may take place in the Orthodox Church as a result of the encounter of these new intellectual converts with an entrenched ecclesiastical hierarchy in the shadow of the Soviet state. If so, it will be one that seeks, not to split the Orthodox Church, but rather in open it to reunion with other Christian churches: fear of isolationism and narrow-mindedness, the desire to forge links and create a broader culture, are a constant theme of these essays. From that point of view, I regret that the editors did not include something more substantial by Grigory Pomerants than the rather (for him) superficial article reproduced here. Pomerants has developed at length in recent essays his notion of the intelligentsia as the inheritor of the popular culture that used to reside with the *narod*. As he sees it, it is only in the context of such a culture that a sense of identity can be formed strong enough to withstand the pressures of the totalitarian system, and he has speculated that a new existentialism and ecumenical religion may even arise out of the unique and critical situation in which Soviet intellectuals find themselves.

Altogether, this is a most informative and stimulating anthology, part of the excellent work which this Nordland publishing house has been doing in recent years in making important and unfamiliar Russian materials available in English. It is unfortunate, therefore, to have to end on a note of purely technical criticism, but it must be said that the translation is very uneven, and often reads like the kind of "approximate English" one associates with translators rendering a text into a foreign language. The assiduous reader will normally be able to work out the meaning of any passage, but a clearer and smoother English could surely have been produced.

All the same, this is a work which will need to be constantly consulted by anyone interested in the development of underground thought in the Soviet Union. In the range of its texts and the comprehensiveness and clarity of its commentaries it excels anything hitherto published in the West.

East of Rome

By Michael Bourdeaux

DENNIS J. DUNN :
The Catholic Church and the Soviet Government, 1939-1949
274pp. Guildford: Columbia University Press. $21.25.

This is a book which we have been long awaiting. It is an indictment of the selectivity of today's interest in human rights that there has not been more public concern over the issue of religious persecution in Eastern Europe. While the continuing repression of religion by the Soviet regime has become well-documented in the past two years, there has been a singular lack of any adequate overall study of the clash of two major forces of the twentieth century: the Kremlin and the Vatican. *Mosca e il Vaticano* (Ulisse A. Floridi, Milan, 1976) and *Die Ostpolitik des Vatikans* (Hans-Jakob Stehle, Munich, 1975) have gone a few steps towards rectifying this in other languages.

Now here is a fully documented, objective and clearly major work which goes half-way towards it, taking the story right through to the period of the worst of the conflict in 1949. One understands, furthermore, that Dennis J. Dunn is in the process of preparing the second half of the study in a treatment of the period of growing accommodation between the two colossi, when the Vatican moved from the total condemnation of everything to do with communism into an era where it practised what is often called "Ostpolitik". At the same time, physical persecution, while persisting to some extent in the Soviet Union, has become a much less prominent feature of the policy of the other Eastern European regimes (Czechoslovakia excepted).

No one before has dug so deep into the documentation of the period of worst conflict. Professor Dunn has marshalled facts and sources impressively and produced a volume which makes a substantial contribution to the subject. He unfolds his story in historical sequence. An introductory chapter sketches the background of Catholic-Russian relations before the Revolution. Two further chapters take the account through the early years of Soviet power. Chapters 4 to 8 cover the vicissitudes of the war years and the period just after. In the course of them Dunn reveals much fascinating detail which has never become well-known, despite the intrinsic importance of these events which have shaped a significant part of Europe's recent history. In Chapters 9 to 11 the author studies the Catholic Church in the years 1948-49, devoting one chapter to each of the most important Catholic countries of Eastern Europe: Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. His account of the persecution of Catholics in the Soviet Union, of both Latin and Eastern rites, is incorporated in the central part of the book.

On almost every page one admires the presentation of new material. For example, the account of the diplomatic comings and goings in 1939-41 (Chapter 4) is fascinating and well organized. At many points, however, one wishes for a broader narrative sweep, for a more evocative exposition of the conflict and its effect on the lives of tens of millions of people, for documents expressing the emotional climate of the time.

When shorn of its critical apparatus and introductory material, this is too short a book to do full justice to the complexity of the subject. The study itself is contained between pages 45 and 179, while footnotes occupy fifty-five pages and a huge bibliography a further twenty-three. Surely, no so little of merit has been written about Professor Dunn's subject, a select bibliography would have been of greater value? For example *Izvestia* and *Pravda* are listed without any indication of which of their thousands of issues since the Revolution he reader should consult for enlightenment. I might have been expected to be pleased to see five of my own works listed, but the reader who ploughs through them in this context is to be pitied as they contain scarcely a word about the subject of this book.

Professor Dunn makes it even harder for his reader by many distracting idiosyncrasies of style, compounded by a distressing number of misprints. He quotes the Russian titles of books in the text without translations, when the reader needs to understand them to follow the fascinating and well organized. At many points, however, one wishes for a broader narrative sweep, for a more evocative exposition of the conflict and its effect on the lives of tens of millions of people, for documents expressing the emotional climate of the time.

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One must overlook these shortcomings because of the many merits of the work, but a small amount of extra care would have made the achievement so much easier to appreciate. One hopes for an expanded second edition with all the errors corrected.

Russian Orthodoxy under the Old Regime (275pp. University of Minnesota Press, $16.50) is based on papers presented to a University of Minnesota conference in 1976, and is edited by Robert L. Nichols and Theodore George Stavrou.

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Closing date 15 December, 1978.

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For an application form and job description contact the County Personnel Officer, County Hall, Newport, Isle of Wight.

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The William Harvey Hospital is a new District General Hospital of 389 beds situated in some very pleasant countryside on the outskirts of Ashford, Kent. We now require a person for the above new post to set up a library service in the William Harvey Hospital Education Centre where the major collection in South East Kent Health District will be held. The successful applicant will have drive and initiative and will be required to develop and control library services to the staff of the N.H.S.

Previous experience in hospital or medical libraries is desirable and candidates must be qualified librarians.

Application forms and job description available from/returnable to the Personnel Department, William Harvey Hospital, Kennington Road, Willesborough, Nr. Ashford, Kent. Tel. Ashford 33331.

Closing date: 8th December, 1978.

The William Harvey Hospital, Ashford, Kent
Hospital for the future

SECRETARIAL ASSISTANCE

required in the Library of Chesterfons Chartered Surveyors, Estate Agents and Valuers. Duties include the typing of index entries for the firm's property record system and information collections, and the filing of news cuttings according to location and subject. Some travelling within Central London will be required to collect material from various sources of information. Accuracy essential, some audio typing. Salary in the region of £3,000-£3,300 according to qualifications and experience.

Please telephone:
CHESTERTONS (J. COX)
01-606 3055
or write to 9 Wood St., Cheapside, London EC2
for an interview.

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN
Trinity College

DIRECTOR

Centre for Language and Communication Studies

Applications are invited for the post of Director of the newly established Centre for Language and Communication Studies. The successful applicant will be responsible for the organization and development of the Centre as a service unit and academic department. Applicants should have teaching and research experience in linguistics or communication studies. Experience in foreign language teaching would be an asset.

Salary will be within the range £7,593-£9,834. There is a non-contributory pension scheme.

Application forms and further particulars relating to this post may be obtained from:

The Establishment Officer,
Weil Theatre, Trinity College,
Dublin 2,

to whom completed applications should be returned not later than 4th January, 1979.

BRITISH TOURIST AUTHORITY

HEAD OF TRAVEL INFORMATION UNIT

The British Tourist Authority is the national body responsible for the promotion overseas of tourism to Britain.

The travel unit provides an information/intelligence service on transport and travel to and within the U.K., and covers educational and special interest travel, and visitor facilities including entry/exit regulations, ports of entry, shopping, currency, etc.

The unit consists of a team of five people, and the person appointed will be expected to manage the team and co-ordinate the unit's information and printed output, frequently working to strict deadlines. An information and/or editorial background would be most appropriate for this post.

The salary range rises to £6,519 per annum. Conditions include 23 days leave, index-linked pension scheme and flexible hours. Detailed, written applications should be addressed to:

(Mrs) R. E. Cornfield,
Personnel Officer (Home Staff),
Queen's House, 64 St. James's Street, London, SW1A 1NF

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

is required by Chestertons, Chartered Surveyors, Estate Agents and Valuers, to assist with the Indexing of Property Records and Publications in the Library Department. The post also includes the provision of information required by Partners and Staff in the various offices.

Salary on a scale £3,000-£3,500 according to qualifications and experience.

Please write to Chestertons (J. Cox), 9 Wood Street, Cheapside, London, EC2, or telephone 01-606 3055 for an application form (with further information) and return not later than Friday, 8 December, 1978.

KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

THE RIYADH AL KHARJ HOSPITAL PROGRAMME

A Medical Librarian is required at the above British-managed 400-bed general hospital, which has recently been opened. Applicants should preferably have experience in health care libraries.

Salary: 15,760 S.R. per annum.
(Approx. 6.50 = £1)

Broad Terms and Conditions

Contracts

Appointments will be made for two years initially and renewable by mutual consent.

Taxation

There is no income tax in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia and no restrictions on the exchange or transfer of currency.

Gratuity

A gratuity of one month's salary for each completed year of service will be payable on termination of contract.

Travel and Leave

Free air fares and four weeks' leave after completing 26 weeks' satisfactory service.

Accommodation

Free accommodation, recreation, welfare and transport.

Medical Care

Medical care for officers and their dependants when accompanying.

Method of Application

If you are interested in the challenge this opportunity offers, please telephone for an application form, to be returned to Dennis Debenham, Personnel Officer, Allied Medical Group, 18 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1W 0DZ (telephone 01-730 4511, Ext. 208), within 10 days of the Advertisement appearing.

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LIBRARIANS

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE POLYTECHNIC
LIBRARY
TRAVELLING BOOKSHOPS EXPERIMENT
RESEARCH OFFICER

Qualified LIBRARIAN required to work with Travelling Bookshops Project, a major library research project. The successful Officer will carry out the Research work for the Travelling Bookshops Experiment, instruction and supervision of library assistants, and will assist in staff training and will collect material for the use of the Research Officer, preferably with two years' experience in a research or technical library in an advantageous post in Librarians, Lecturers or Technical Officers.

Salary on Chartered Librarians' scale £3,420 to £4,320 plus £312 supplement.

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for a fixed term appointment for two years. Closing date 14th December, 1978. Please quote reference number 14/TL and send a stamped addressed envelope to the Polytechnic Secretary, Ellison Place, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 8ST.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE LIBRARIES
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
Retiring
£2,823—£4,146 p.a.

APPLICATIONS are invited from newly qualified LIBRARIANS for the post of Assistant Librarian, Retiring, based at Kettering, a town of 50,000 population in the east of the County which has a Central Lending and Reference Library and three branch libraries, two of which are situated in Wellingborough and six units from Kettering.

Duties are those normal for a first professional post in a Lending Library and will include work at the Headers' Enquiry Desk, the Reference Library and the Sound Recording Lending Library at the Central Library, Kettering, one day a week will be spent in charge of a mobile library. Further duties may include work with the service to housebound readers, and tracing bibliographic details for readers' requests.

Closing date: 15th December, 1978.

Application forms are available from the Personnel Officer, County Hall, Fleming Way, Northampton. Telephone: Northampton 34835 extension 2237 or 2317.

KIRKLEES METROPOLITAN COUNCIL
DIRECTORATE OF EDUCATIONAL SERVICES
LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(Salary A.P. 4, £3,483 to £4,161 per annum)

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified LIBRARIANS for the permanent post of Senior Assistant Librarian, Kirklees Libraries and Museums Service, Headquarters in Huddersfield. The post is based in Huddersfield, with plans for decentralisation to be based and made available on 1.8.81.

Application forms are obtainable from Chief Librarian and Curator, Kirklees Libraries and Museums Service, Headquarters, Huddersfield, HD1 2SU.

Closing date 10 days after the appearance of this advertisement.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES, BANGOR

(Re-advertisement. Previous applicants need not re-apply)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN.

The duties will initially include cataloguing in the Serials Library, but the successful applicant will be expected to assist in a review of present systems and subsequently development of automated procedures.

Applicants should have a good library degree and an appropriate professional qualification.

Salary will be on the Senior Library Grade IIA: £5,483 to £7,704 per annum.

Applications (two copies), giving details of qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent to the Assistant Registrar (Personnel), University College of North Wales, Bangor, Gwynedd LL57 2DG, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

Closing date for the receipt of applications: 15th December, 1978.

LEICESTERSHIRE
TEAM LIBRARIAN—AH5
£5,490—£5,854 + £3121

A CHARTERED LIBRARIAN is wanted to work in a professional post in the Central Area, based in the County Lending Library. The team is responsible for the lending work in the Central Area, for advices in mobile vehicles, to the housebound and to hospitals, for community involvement, for news operations and services to schools and for supervising the work of library assistants and students. The successful applicant will have wide responsibility, and will have particular involvement in work with Asian and Young People and Asian Library.

Further details and application forms can be obtained from Mr. S. Palmer, Head of Services and Information Service, The Information Centre, Bishop Street, Leicester. Tel. 0533 544567.

Closing date: 15th December, 1978.

OVE ARUP PARTNERSHIP
LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

We have vacancies for two library assistants: one in Fitzroy Street Library, the other in our Bohn Smith Library.

Competitive salaries and usual working conditions. Previous experience in library or information work desirable. Typing would be an advantage for the Fitzroy Street Library.

Please contact Peter Hoggett, Librarian, Ove Arup Partnership, 13 Fitzroy Street, London W1P 6BQ. Tel.: 01-636 1531, Ext. 3128.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE LIBRARIES
CARTHUSIAN DIVISION
TEMPORARY ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the Department POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN at Wisbech Library.

The duties are largely concerned with Reference and Information work.

The contract is for the duration of maternity leave.

Salary (Chartered Librarians' Scale £3,079 to £4,146 inclusive.

Application forms with relevant details are available from the Deputy County Librarian, Eastern Divisional Library headquarters, Station Avenue, Wisbech. Telephone 0945 582, to whom they must be returned by Monday, 11th December, 1978.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND

LIBRARY ASSISTANT required to work in the library which serves members of the profession, dentists, scientific workers and postgraduate students. Duties will be performed mainly with the day to day circulation of books, periodicals and general assistance in duties. Salary £3,079 to £4,146 (Ref. A/LIB/1) (Central Hall Rate £2,823 to £3,581). This post is available for persons including registered medical secretaries.

Application form from the Personnel Officer, Royal College of Surgeons of England, 35-43 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, WC2A 3PN. Tel. 01-405 3474.

CLACKMANNAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
DISTRICT LIBRARY
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS with experience in public lending department.

Salary on Chartered Librarians' scale £3,279 to £4,146 inclusive of supplement.

Application forms and job descriptions available from the Establishment Officer, The Walnut, Alloa, to whom completed applications should be returned not later than 20th December, 1978.

SHROPSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
MADELEY HIGH SCHOOL
Coach Street, Madeley
Telford, Salop
(Seven-form entry mixed 11 to 18: Comprehensive)

Required from 1st January 1979: a suitably qualified person to take charge of the LIBRARY. The school functions on resource-based learning principles centred on the library which forms the main media focus. The job offers considerable scope for a creative person who enjoys working with young people.

Salary on Librarians scale from £3,823 to £4,146 with bar operating at £3,681.

Further details available from the Headmaster, to whom application should be made in writing immediately giving curriculum vitae and two referees.

UNIVERSITY OF STRATHCLYDE

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified LIBRARIANS for a post in the Science Library. Applications should be addressed to the Assistant Librarian (Personnel), University of Strathclyde, Glasgow G1 1XH, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

Closing date for receipt of applications: 15th December, 1978.

THE TAVISTOCK JOINT LIBRARY
LIBRARY CLERICAL ASSISTANT (PART-TIME)

Required to work up to 17½ hours p.w. in social sciences library, starting January 1979. Salt. accurate typing essential. Starting salary pro rata in full-time rate of £2,410. Annual scale increments.

Telephone the Librarian, tel. 71 December for further details on 437 7111, ext. 22. Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, Tavistock and Priory Blocks, Beaufort Street, London, SW3 6BN.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF BURY
LEISURE SERVICES DEPARTMENT
MUSIC LIBRARIAN

Salary (APT & C) £3,079 (Chartered Librarians' Scale) to £4,146 inclusive of supplement.

APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the post of MUSIC LIBRARIAN to be responsible for the provision of library services and promotions relating to music and gramophone records. Applicants should have knowledge of music and previous library experience is desirable.

Forms of application obtainable from the Chief Librarian, Bury Central Library, Bury, Lancs. BL9 0DN. Telephone: 061-705 5000, ext. 2.

Closing date: 15th December, 1978.

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ANY BOOKS, pamphlets, pictures, etchings, etc. by, on or about Max Liebermann (German-Jewish painter) wanted by: H. Parkes, 22b Hinchley Road, London, N.W.3. Tel. 01-435 0478 (after 6 p.m.).

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Catalogue and information available from:

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